A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale WESTERN

BIG 52 PAGES

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NO. 48



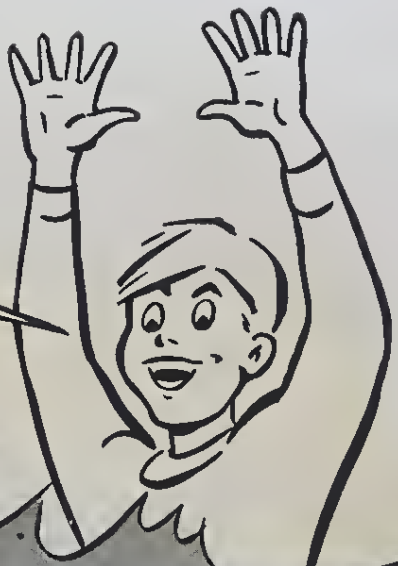
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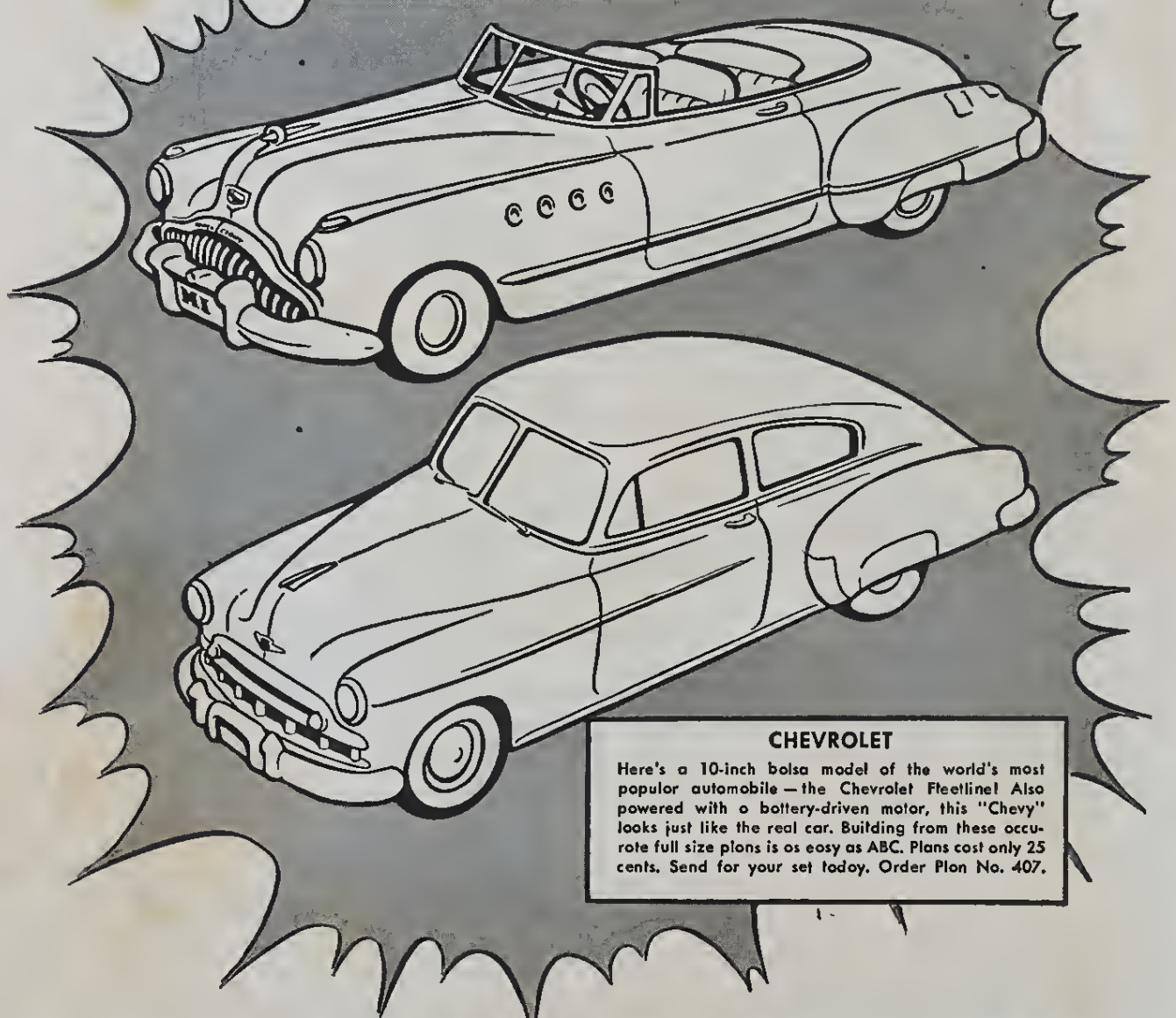
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WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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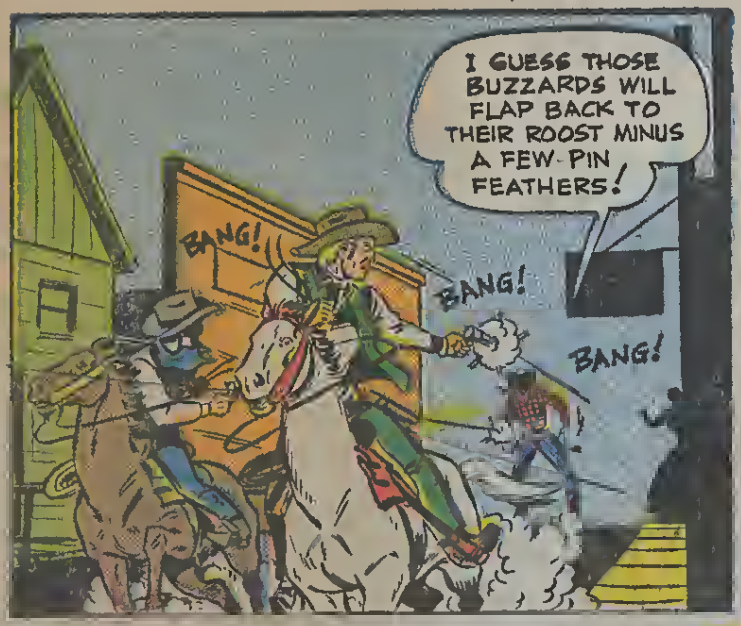
MONTE HALE

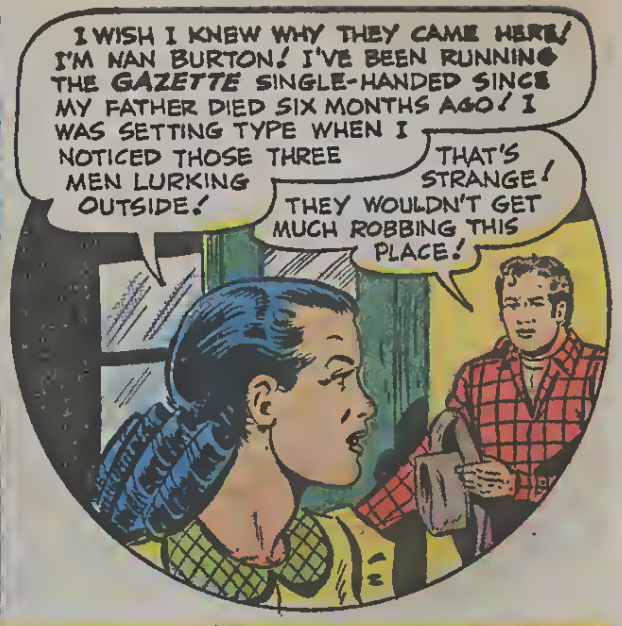
and THE GREAT BANK ROBBER

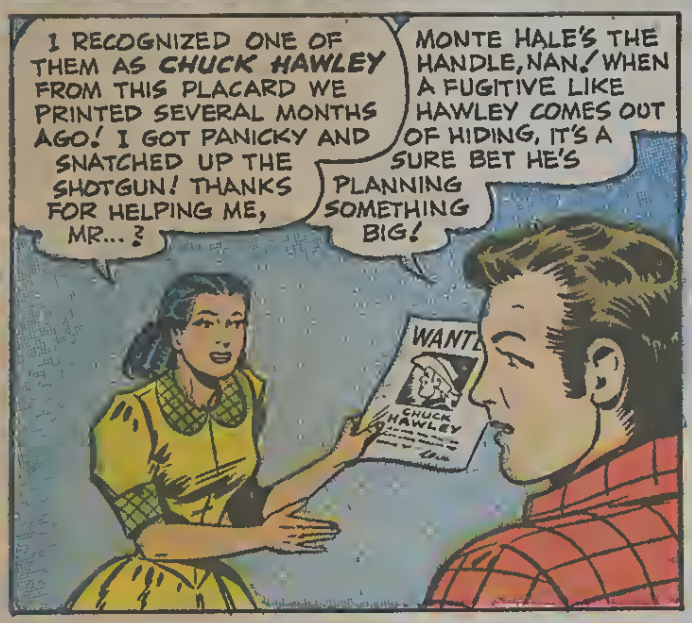


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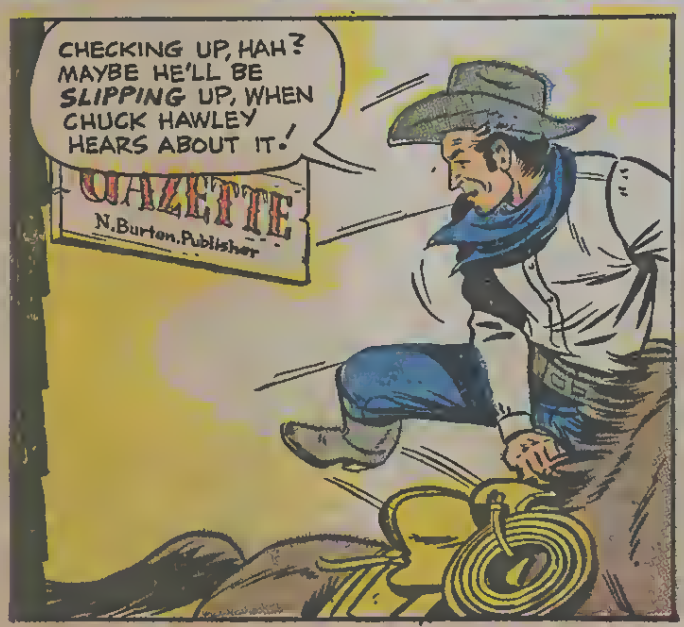

THEN, SUDDEN AS THE WHIRR OF A REARING RATTLER--
NOTHING LIKE A SHOTGUN BLAST TO PROVE MY HUNCH! WAIT HERE, PARDNER!
BANG!
UPPLIES
FARO GULCH GAZETTE
ONE THING YOU'D BETTER LEARN RIGHT QUICK, GAL! IT TAKES MORE THAN A SCATTER GUN TO STOP CHUCK HAWLEY!
MAYBE I'VE GOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MISTER!
ONLY ONE THING CAN MATCH THE SPEED OF HAWLEY'S DRAW--- AND THAT'S MONTE'S LUNGING CHARGE!
CRACK!
IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO PICK A FIGHT--- I'LL OBLIGE!
POW!
THEN, AS ANOTHER ACCOMPLICE SLAPS LEATHER!
I'LL OBLIGE WHEN IT COMES TO SHOOTING, TOO!
BANG!
OWW!
NEVER MIND HELPING YUCCA! THAT HOMBRE'S MONTE HALE! LET'S RIDE!
SOK!
CRASH!
BANG!


I GUESS THOSE BUZZARDS WILL FLAP BACK TO THEIR ROOST MINUS A FEW PIN FEATHERS!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

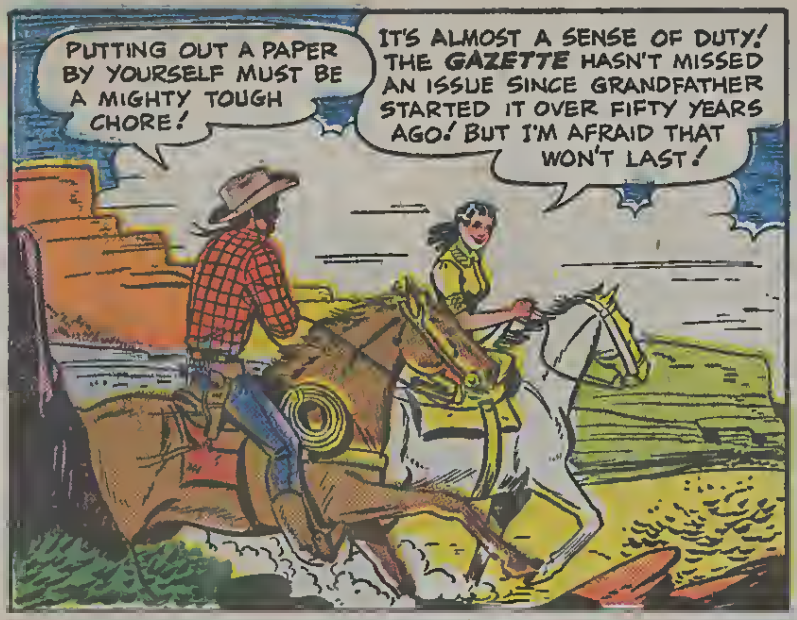

I WISH I KNEW WHY THEY CAME HERE! I'M NAN BURTON! I'VE BEEN RUNNING THE GAZETTE SINGLE-HANDED SINCE MY FATHER DIED SIX MONTHS AGO! I WAS SETTING TYPE WHEN I NOTICED THOSE THREE MEN LURKING OUTSIDE!
THAT'S STRANGE! THEY WOULDN'T GET MUCH ROBBING THIS PLACE!


I RECOGNIZED ONE OF THEM AS CHUCK HAWLEY FROM THIS PLACARD WE PRINTED SEVERAL MONTHS AGO! I GOT PANICKY AND SNATCHED UP THE SHOTGUN! THANKS FOR HELPING ME, MR...?
MONTE HALE'S THE HANDLE, NAN! WHEN A FUGITIVE LIKE HAWLEY COMES OUT OF HIDING, IT'S A SURE BET HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING BIG!
WANT
CHUCK HAWLEY

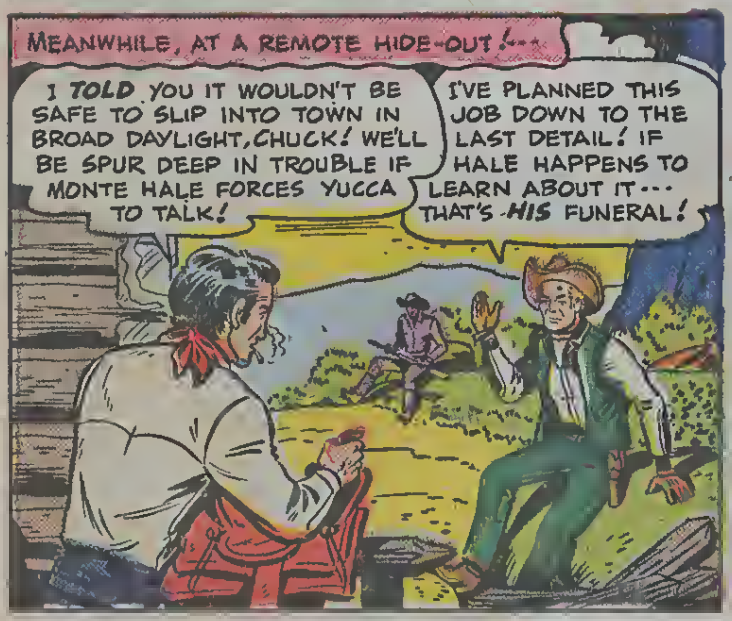

BUT MEANWHILE, YUCCA COMES TO AND LURKS OUTSIDE···LISTENING!
I CAN'T BE SURE HAWLEY WILL RISK COMING BACK NAN, BUT I THINK IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEA TO DROP BACK TONIGHT AND CHECK UP!

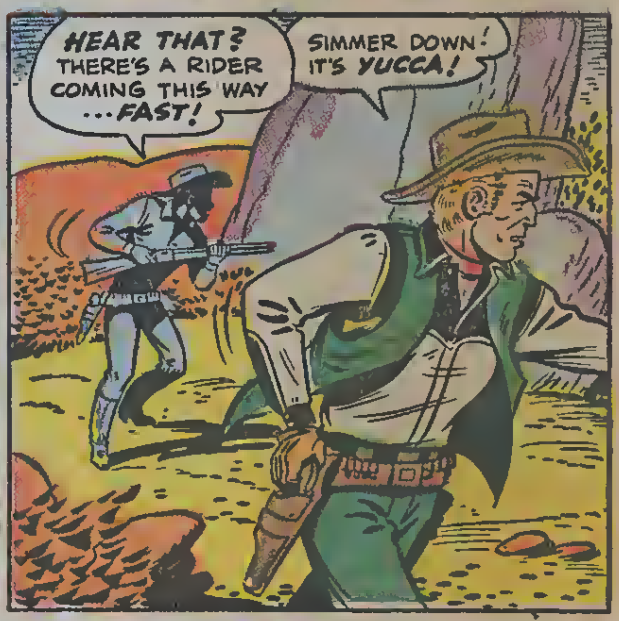

CHECKING UP, HAH? MAYBE HE'LL BE SLIPPING UP, WHEN CHUCK HAWLEY HEARS ABOUT IT!
GAZETTE
N.Burton.Publisher

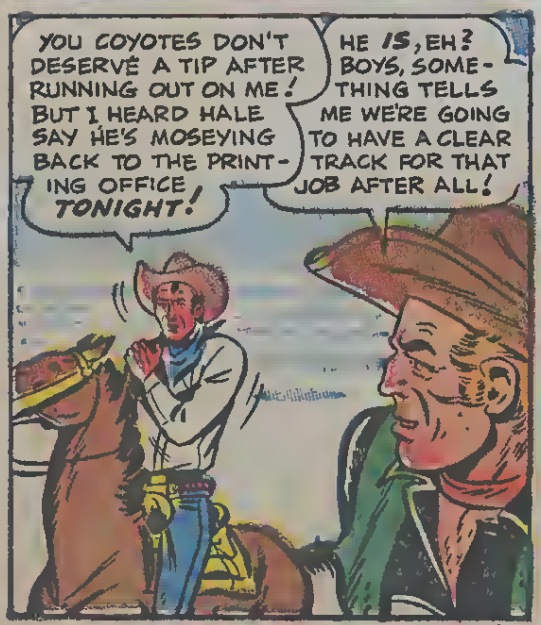

GUESS I'LL CLOSE SHOP NOW! IT'S A LONG RIDE TO MY RANCH ON PANTHER CREEK! SINCE YOU PLAN TO BE HERE LATER, MONTE, I'LL LEAVE THE DOOR UNLOCKED!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER HAVE AN ESCORT, NAN! THOSE OWLHOOTS MIGHT BE PLANNING ANOTHER ATTACK!
FARO GULCH GAZETTE

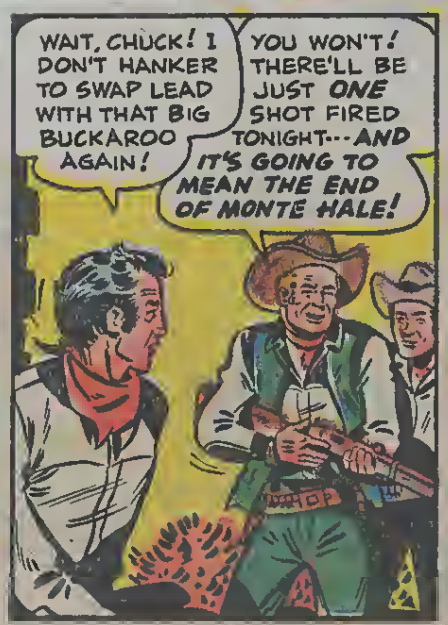

PUTTING OUT A PAPER BY YOURSELF MUST BE A MIGHTY TOUGH CHORE!
IT'S ALMOST A SENSE OF DUTY! THE GAZETTE HASN'T MISSED AN ISSUE SINCE GRANDFATHER STARTED IT OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO! BUT I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T LAST!


DAD BORROWED A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO KEEP THE PAPER GOING! THE NOTE BECOMES DUE NEXT MONTH, AND I DON'T STAND MUCH CHANCE OF HOLDING ON TO THE GAZETTE!


MEANWHILE, AT A REMOTE HIDE-OUT!...
I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE TO SLIP INTO TOWN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, CHUCK! WE'LL BE SPUR DEEP IN TROUBLE IF MONTE HALE FORCES YUCCA TO TALK!
I'VE PLANNED THIS JOB DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL! IF HALE HAPPENS TO LEARN ABOUT IT... THAT'S HIS FUNERAL!

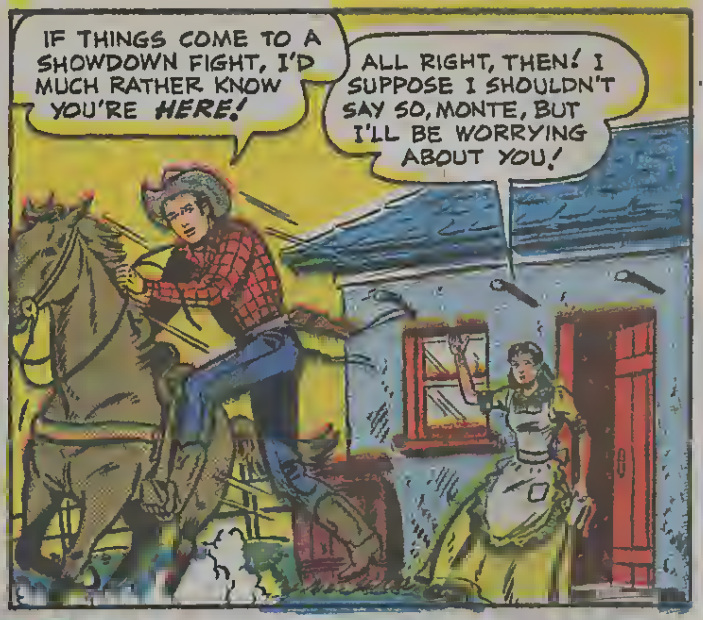

HEAR THAT? THERE'S A RIDER COMING THIS WAY ...FAST!
SIMMER DOWN! IT'S YUCCA!

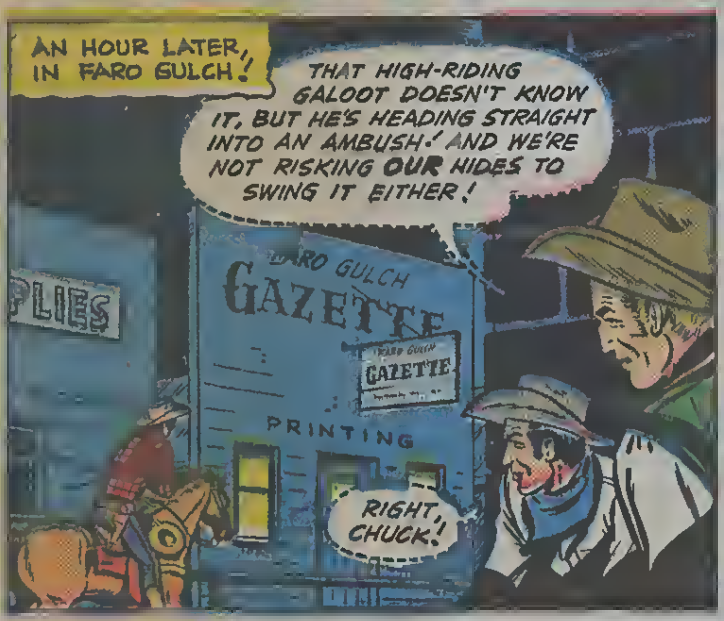

YOU COYOTES DON'T DESERVE A TIP AFTER RUNNING OUT ON ME! BUT I HEARD HALE SAY HE'S MOSEYING BACK TO THE PRINTING OFFICE TONIGHT!
HE IS, EH? BOYS, SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CLEAR TRACK FOR THAT JOB AFTER ALL!


WAIT, CHUCK! I DON'T HANKER TO SWAP LEAD WITH THAT BIG BUCKAROO AGAIN!
YOU WON'T! THERE'LL BE JUST ONE SHOT FIRED TONIGHT... AND IT'S GOING TO MEAN THE END OF MONTE HALE!


WE'LL RIG THIS CARBINE INSIDE THE SHOP WITH A CORD RUNNING FROM THE TRIGGER TO THE DOOR! IT'LL BE AIMED RIGHT AT HALE'S HEAD WHEN HE STEPS IN!

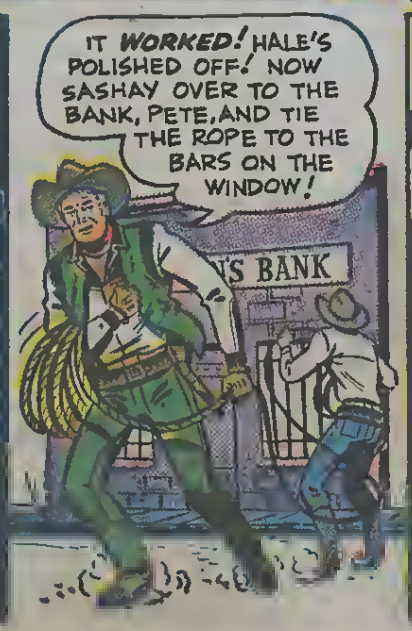

THAT EVENING···
THANKS, NAN! I HAVEN'T HAD A MEAL LIKE THAT SINCE I LEFT MY HOME RANCH! BUT NOW IT'S TIME PARD AND I SET OUT FOR TOWN!
I HATE TO SEE YOU RISKING DANGER ALONE, MONTE···ON MY ACCOUNT! WON'T YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND AND TAKE ME ALONG?


IF THINGS COME TO A SHOWDOWN FIGHT, I'D MUCH RATHER KNOW YOU'RE HERE!
ALL RIGHT, THEN! I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T SAY SO, MONTE, BUT I'LL BE WORRYING ABOUT YOU!


AN HOUR LATER, IN FARO GULCH!
THAT HIGH-RIDING GALOOT DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT INTO AN AMBUSH! AND WE'RE NOT RISKING OUR HIDES TO SWING IT EITHER!
GAZETTE
PRINTING
RIGHT, CHUCK!

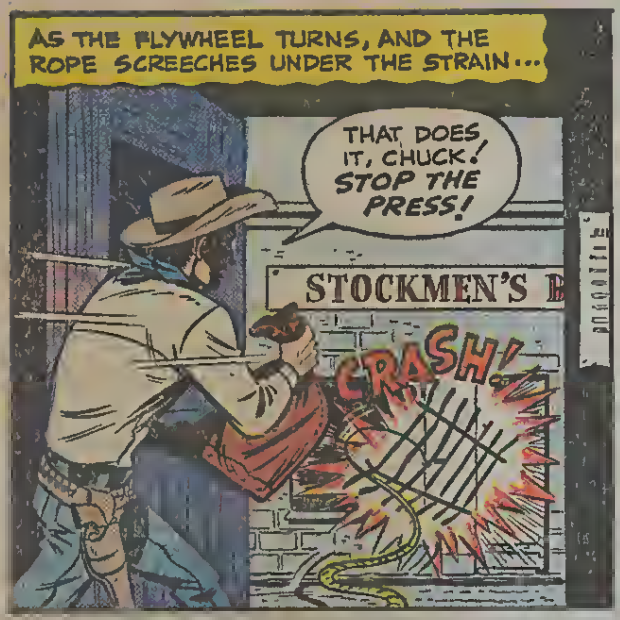

THERE WASN'T A LIGHT BURNING HERE WHEN NAN AND I LEFT! KEEP BACK, PARDNER! I HAVE A NOTION THINGS ARE ABOUT READY TO RIP!
FARO GULCH GAZETTE

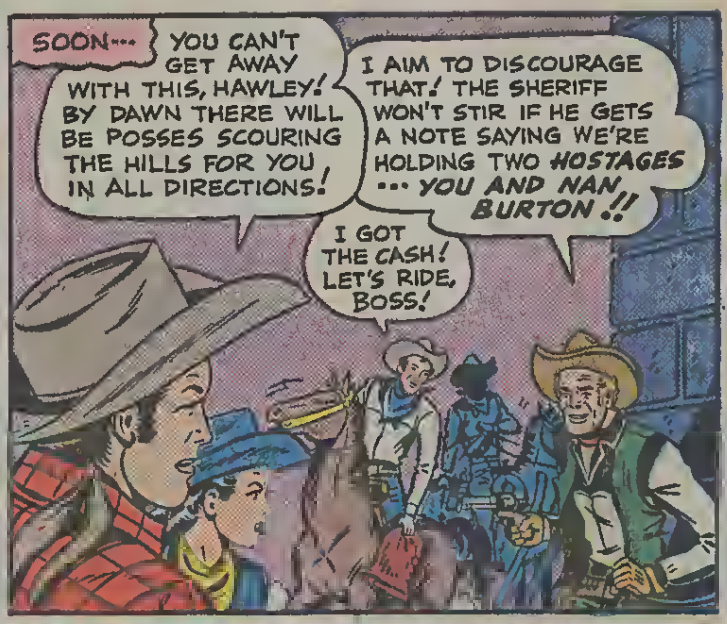

SUDDENLY···
A TRAP!
I'D BETTER PLAY POSSUM!
BANG!

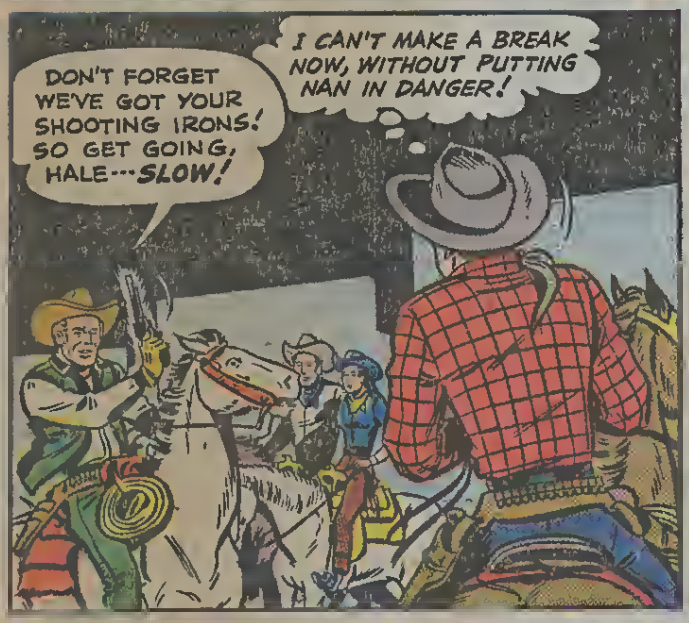

IT WORKED! HALE'S POLISHED OFF! NOW SASHAY OVER TO THE BANK, PETE, AND TIE THE ROPE TO THE BARS ON THE WINDOW!

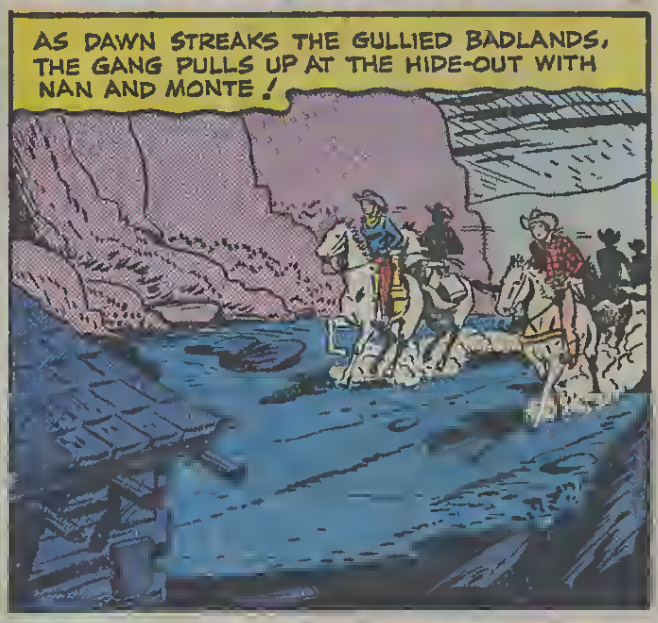

WITH THE ROPE TAUT···THE OUTLAWS LOOP THE OTHER END AROUND THE FLYWHEEL OF THE PRINTING PRESS!
START THE PRESS! A FEW TURNS WILL RIP THE BARS CLEAN OFF THE BANK!
HERE GOES!

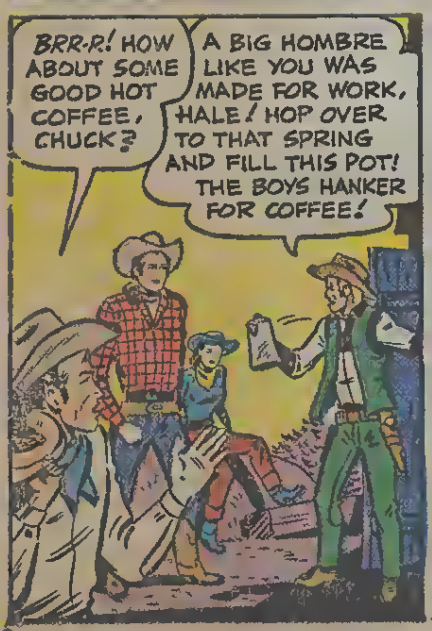

REACH! PLANTING THAT GUN-TRAP WAS A SLICK IDEA, CHUCK! TOO BAD FOR YOU IT MISSED!
BALLS OF FIRE! HE'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM!
HALE? Y-YOU! GUN HIM DOWN, YUCCA! FOR KEEPS!
I'LL GET HIM, CHUCK!
MONTE'S COLT ANSWERS WITH CYCLONE SPEED!
OWWW! MY HAND! QUICK, DRILL HIM, BOSS!
NOT SO FAST, CHUCK! IT'S TIME I GOT YOU GUNSLICKS CORRALED IN ONE SPOT!
BANG!
POW!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY---
MONTE! ARE Y-YOU ALL RIGHT?
NAN! QUICK, DUCK OUTSIDE!
YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO DUCK, HOMBRE!
BONK!
MOMENTS LATER!
NOW THAT WE'RE RID OF THESE PESKY INTERRUPTIONS---WE CAN GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS! KEEP HALE COVERED!
RRR-RRR!

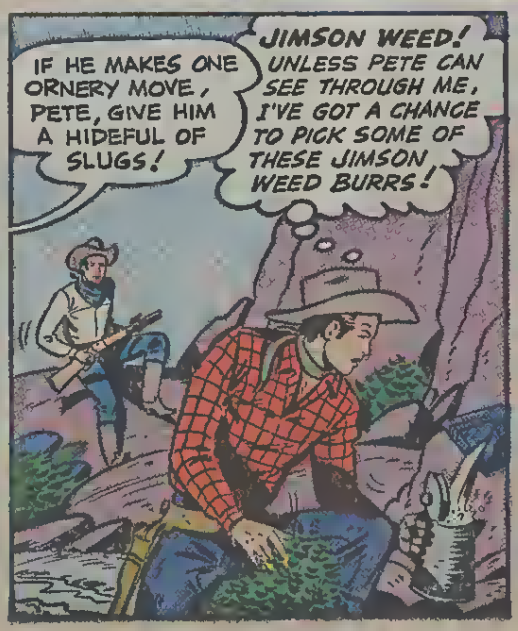

AS THE FLYWHEEL TURNS, AND THE ROPE SCREECHES UNDER THE STRAIN...
THAT DOES IT, CHUCK! STOP THE PRESS!
STOCKMEN'S
CRASH!


SOON...
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, HAWLEY! BY DAWN THERE WILL BE POSSES SCOURING THE HILLS FOR YOU, IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
I AIM TO DISCOURAGE THAT! THE SHERIFF WON'T STIR IF HE GETS A NOTE SAYING WE'RE HOLDING TWO HOSTAGES ... YOU AND NAN BURTON!!
I GOT THE CASH! LET'S RIDE, BOSS!


DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT YOUR SHOOTING IRONS! SO GET GOING, HALE... SLOW!
I CAN'T MAKE A BREAK NOW, WITHOUT PUTTING NAN IN DANGER!


AS DAWN STREAKS THE GULLIED BADLANDS, THE GANG PULLS UP AT THE HIDE-OUT WITH NAN AND MONTE!

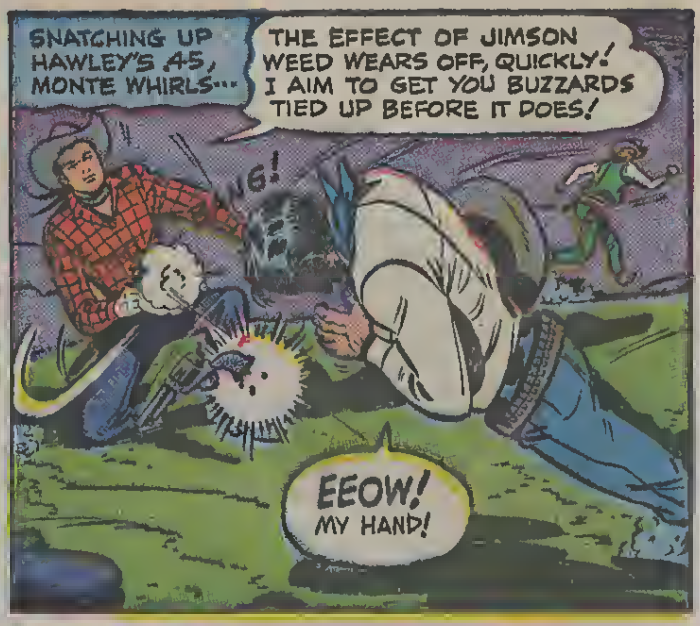

BRR-R! HOW ABOUT SOME GOOD HOT COFFEE, CHUCK?
A BIG HOMBRE LIKE YOU WAS MADE FOR WORK, HALE! HOP OVER TO THAT SPRING AND FILL THIS POT! THE BOYS HANKER FOR COFFEE!


IF HE MAKES ONE ORNERY MOVE, PETE, GIVE HIM A HIDEFUL OF SLUGS!
JIMSON WEED! UNLESS PETE CAN SEE THROUGH ME, I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO PICK SOME OF THESE JIMSON WEED BURRS!

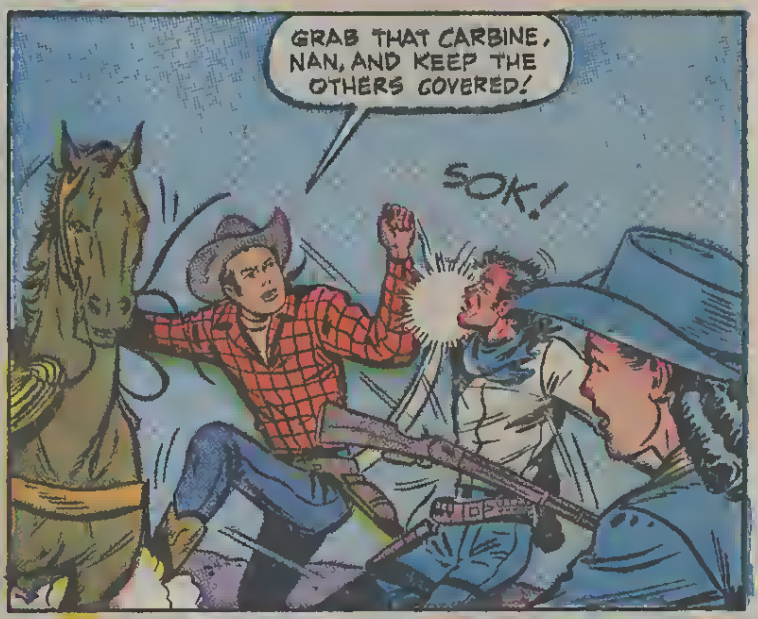

QUIT DAWDLING, HALE! GET OVER HERE WITH THAT WATER, PRONTO!

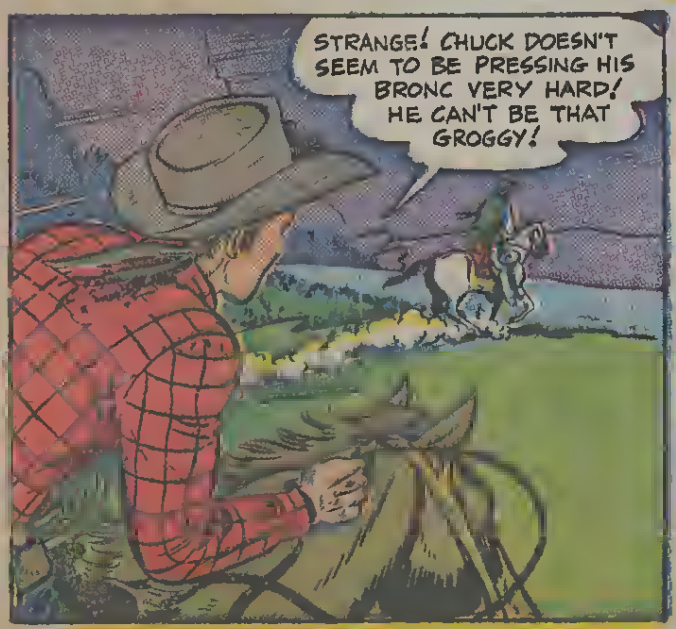

NOW, WHILE I'M THINKING UP A FEW MORE CHORES FOR YOU, START CHOPPING THAT WOOD!
THESE BUZZARDS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THERE'S ONE CHORE COMING UP THAT I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR!
WAIT UP, HAWLEY! CONSIDERING I FETCHED THE WATER AND CHOPPED THE WOOD, DON'T I RATE A CUP OF COFFEE?
SURE YOU DO AMIGO! IN FACT---
... I'M SERVING IT TO YOU!
SPLAT!
HAA-HA! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SENSE OF HUMOR! HAA-HA! YOU'RE PLUMB KILLING ME, BOSS!
THEY WON'T THINK OF OFFERING US COFFEE NOW! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I PLANNED!
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY RELAXING ABOUT A STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE! HEY, WHAT'S WRONG--- YOU GUYS?
MAYBE YOU'RE RELAXED, CHUCK, BUT I'M FEELING DOWNRIGHT D-DIZZY!
WITH SUSPICION FLASHING LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, CHUCK STAGGERS TO HIS FEET!
A JIMSON BURR! THAT SIDEWINDER HAS PULLED AN OLD INDIAN TRICK! BOILED JIMSON HITS LIKE A SLEDGE HAMMER!

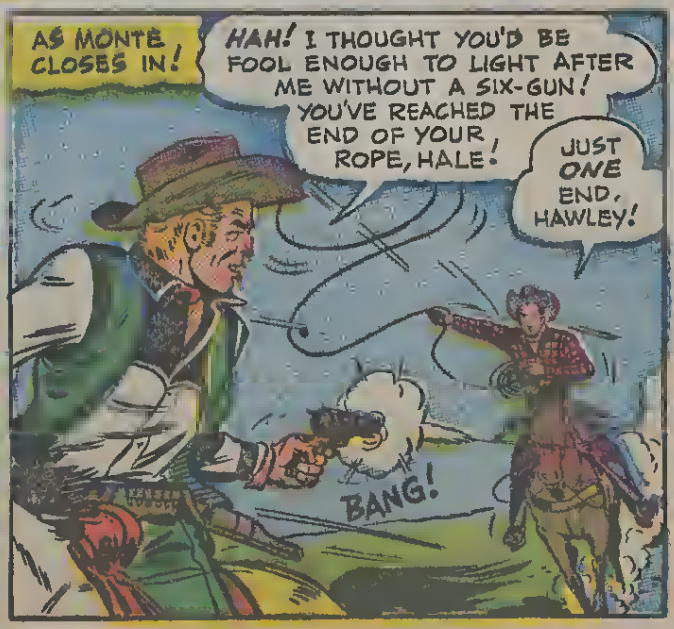

JUST IN CASE ONE SLEDGE HAMMER ISN'T ENOUGH, HAWLEY, HERE'S ANOTHER!
POW!

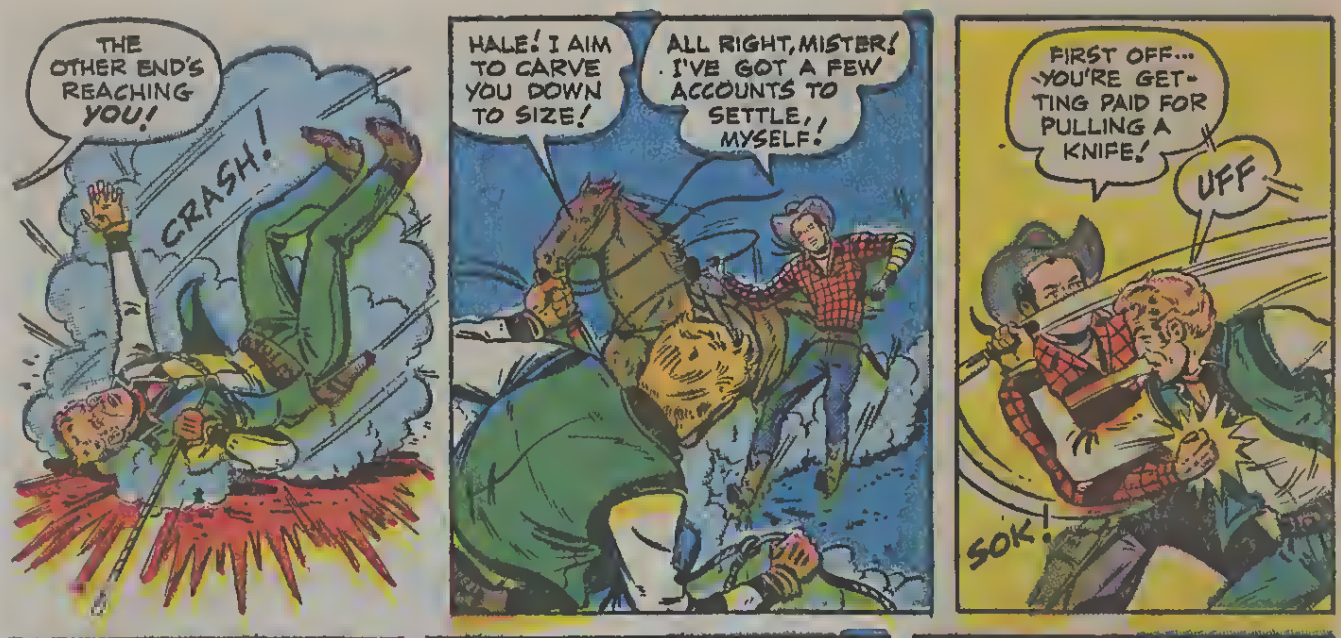

SNATCHING UP HAWLEY'S .45, MONTE WHIRLS...
THE EFFECT OF JIMSON WEED WEARS OFF, QUICKLY! I AIM TO GET YOU BUZZARDS TIED UP BEFORE IT DOES!
6!
EEOW! MY HAND!

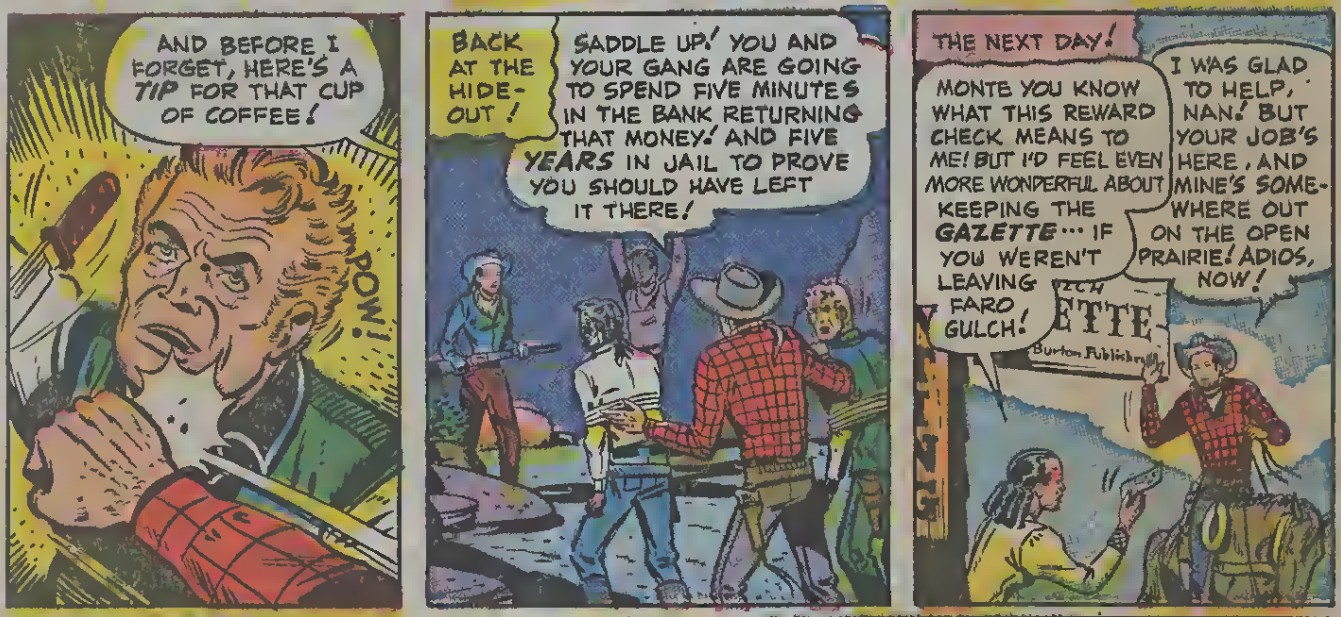

I'M NOT THROUGH WITH MONTE HALE YET! NOT BY A LONG SIGHT!
MONTE! QUICK! STOP HIM!


GRAB THAT CARBINE, NAN, AND KEEP THE OTHERS COVERED!
SOK!


STRANGE! CHUCK DOESN'T SEEM TO BE PRESSING HIS BRONC VERY HARD! HE CAN'T BE THAT GROGGY!

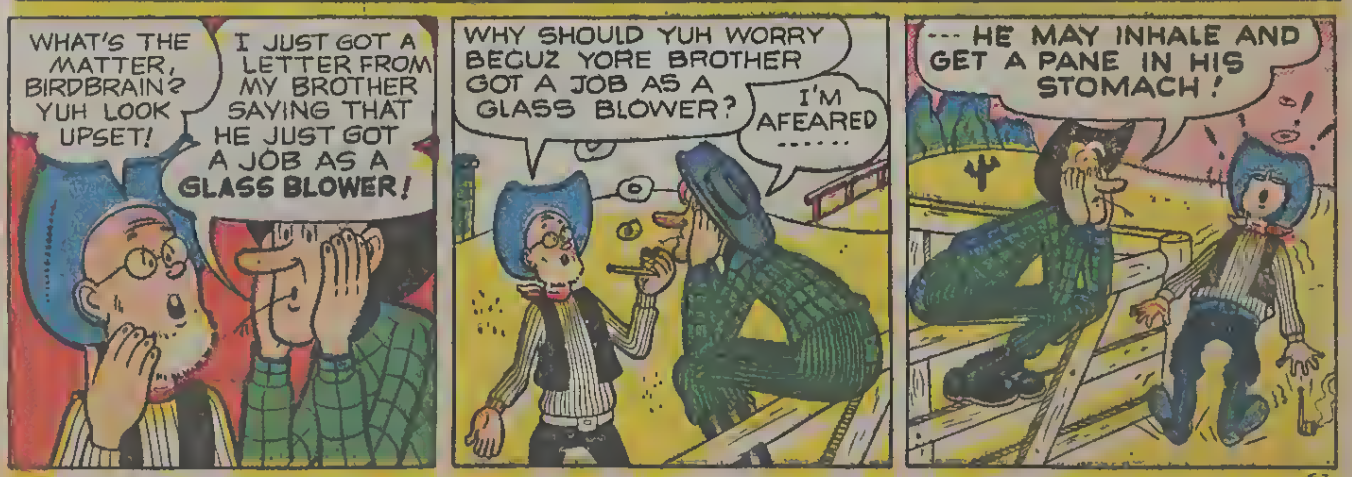

AS MONTE CLOSES IN!
HAH! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO LIGHT AFTER ME WITHOUT A SIX-GUN! YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF YOUR ROPE, HALE!
JUST ONE END, HAWLEY!
BANG!

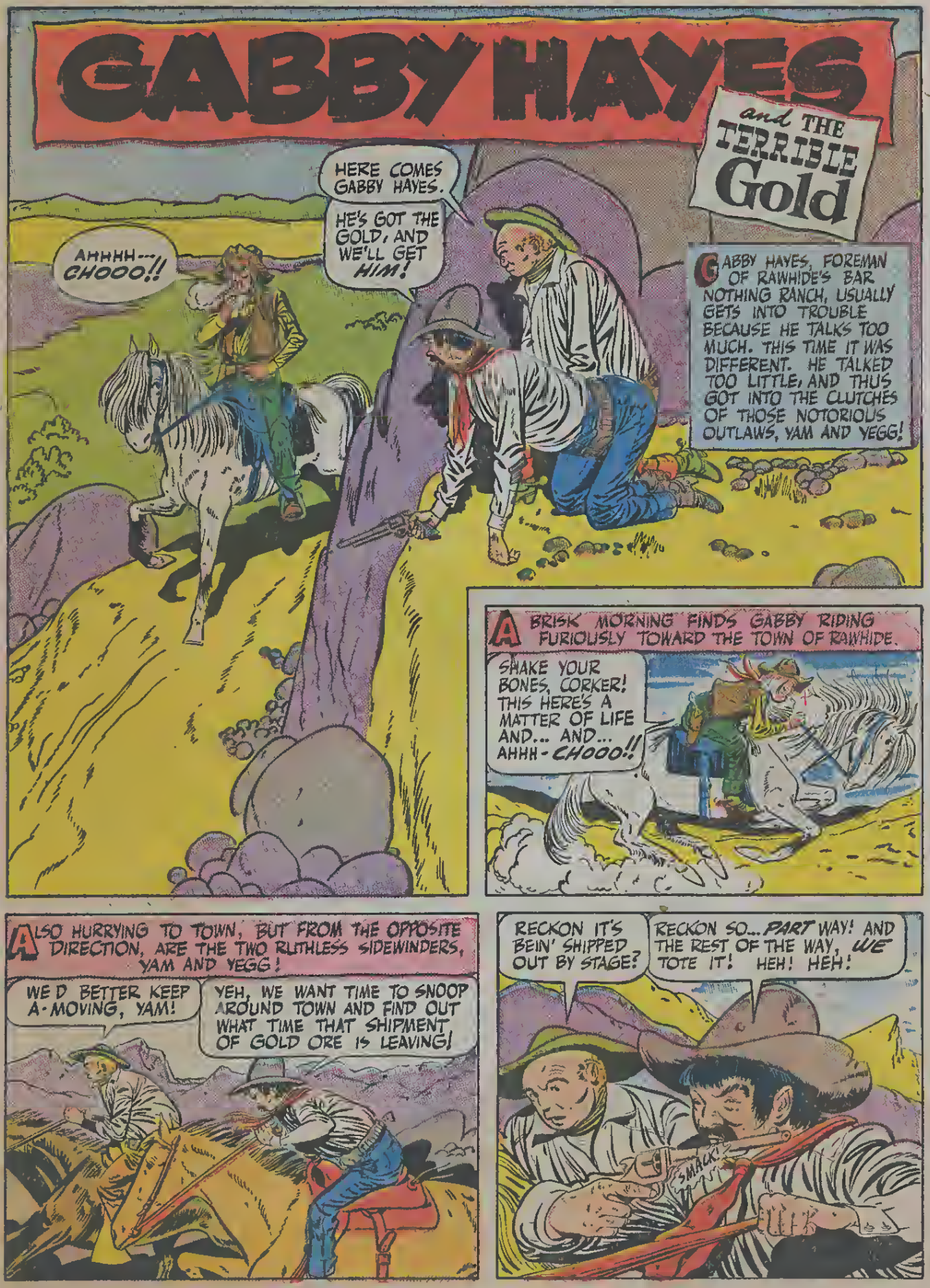




BIRDBRAIN BYRD

FEELING NO PANE!



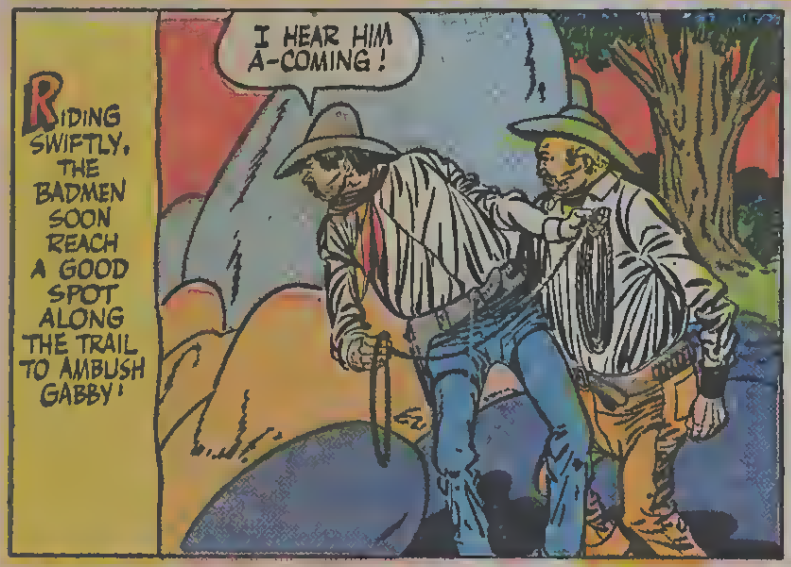

GABBY HAYES and THE TERRIBLE Gold
HERE COMES GABBY HAYES.
HE'S GOT THE GOLD, AND WE'LL GET HIM!
AHHHH--- CHOOO!!
GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF RAWHIDE'S BAR NOTHING RANCH, USUALLY GETS INTO TROUBLE BECAUSE HE TALKS TOO MUCH. THIS TIME IT WAS DIFFERENT. HE TALKED TOO LITTLE, AND THUS GOT INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS, YAM AND YEGG!
A BRISK MORNING FINDS GABBY RIDING FURIOUSLY TOWARD THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE.
SHAKE YOUR BONES, CORKER! THIS HERE'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND... AND... AHHH - CHOOO!!
ALSO HURRYING TO TOWN, BUT FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, ARE THE TWO RUTHLESS SIDEWINDERS, YAM AND YEGG!
WE D BETTER KEEP A-MOVING, YAM!
YEH, WE WANT TIME TO SNOOP AROUND TOWN AND FIND OUT WHAT TIME THAT SHIPMENT OF GOLD ORE IS LEAVING!
RECKON IT'S BEIN' SHIPPED OUT BY STAGE?
RECKON SO... PART WAY! AND THE REST OF THE WAY, WE TOTE IT! HEH! HEH!
SMACK!

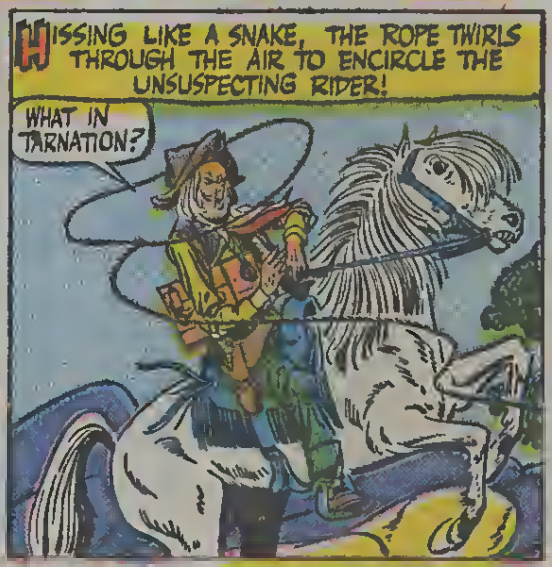

GABBY REACHES TOWN FIRST.
WAIT UP, GABBY, AND SWAP SOME GAB!
CAN'T! HAVE TO HURRY TO DOC QUACKENPILL. I'BE GODDA DERRIBLE GOLD ID BY DOSE!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID, "I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE COLD IN MY NOSE!"
DOCTOR
GABBY VISITS THE DOCTOR!
DOC, I'BE GODDA DERRIBLE GOLD! AHHHHH--CHOOO!
YOU'RE IN LUCK, GABBY! I'VE JUST INVENTED A NEW MACHINE FOR COLDS!
THIS IS MY NEW STEAM VAPORIZOR! TAKE IT HOME! JUST BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, LET A LITTLE MITE OF STEAM OUT FROM THE VALVE! NOT TOO MUCH, MIND YOU!
SURE IT'LL WORK, DOC?
SURE! IT WORKS LIKE THIS! IT'LL SHORE CURE YOUR COLD! UNLESS YOU LET TOO MUCH STEAM OUT AT ONCE!
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THEN?
IT WOULD EXPLODE! YOU WOULDN'T BE WORRIED ABOUT YORE COLD, ANY MORE, HO-HO!
THIS HERE CONTRAPTION'S KINDA DANGEROUS, BUT I'LL RISK ANYTHING TO SHED THIS COLD!
DOCTOR QUACKENPILL

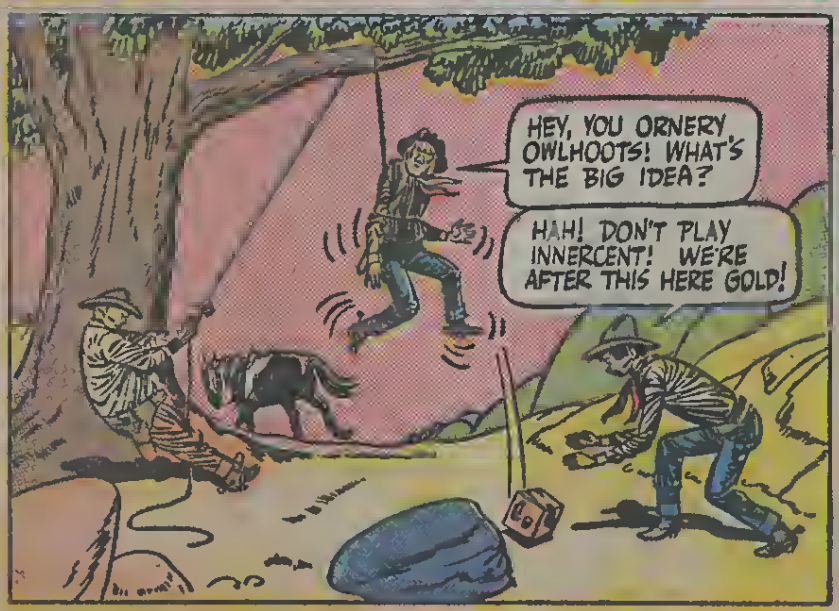

MEANWHILE, THE TWO OUTLAWS ARE BUSY SNOOPING!
ARE YOU SURE THEY'LL SHIP THE GOLD ORE BY STAGE?
PRETTY SURE. BUT THEY MIGHT CHANGE THE PLAN!
STAGE COACH OFFICE


GABBY COMES ALONG ON HIS WAY TO CORKER!
GABBY, WHY AREN'T YOU GABBING?
GOT GOLD... AH-CHOOO!


HEAR THAT? HE'S GOT THE GOLD!
THEN WE'LL GIT HIM!


RIDING SWIFTLY, THE BADMEN SOON REACH A GOOD SPOT ALONG THE TRAIL TO AMBUSH GABBY!
I HEAR HIM A-COMING!


HISSING LIKE A SNAKE, THE ROPE TWIRLS THROUGH THE AIR TO ENCIRCLE THE UNSUSPECTING RIDER!
WHAT IN TARNATION?

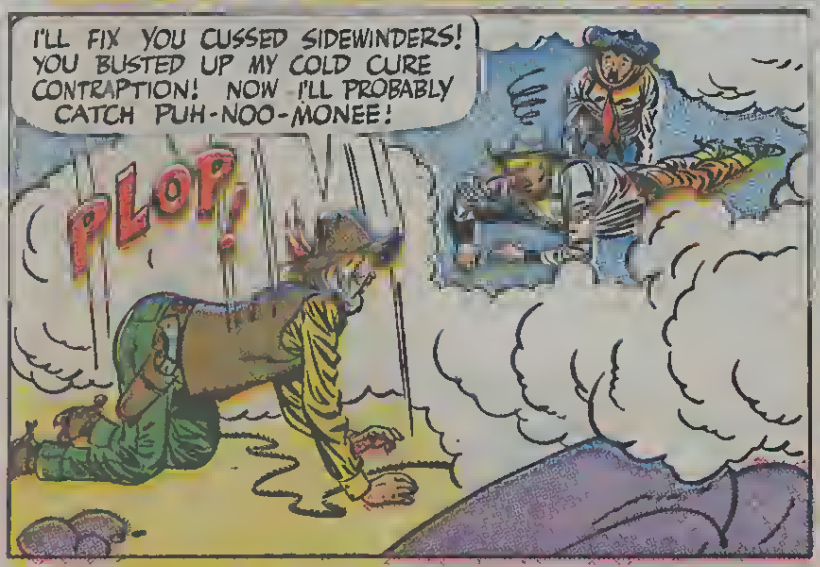

HEY, YOU ORNERY, OWLHOOTS! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
HAH! DON'T PLAY INNERCENT! WE'RE AFTER THIS HERE GOLD!


I'LL JIST SHOOT THE LOCK OFF!
HEY! DON'T BUST THAT CHEST, YOU DANG FOOL!

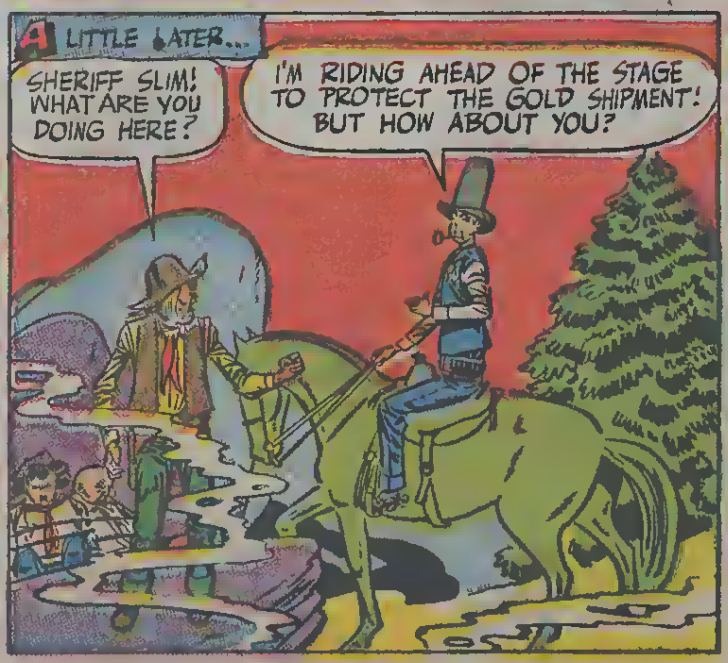

DON'T SHOOT, I TELL YUH!
SHUT UP! I DO AS I PLEASE!
BANG!

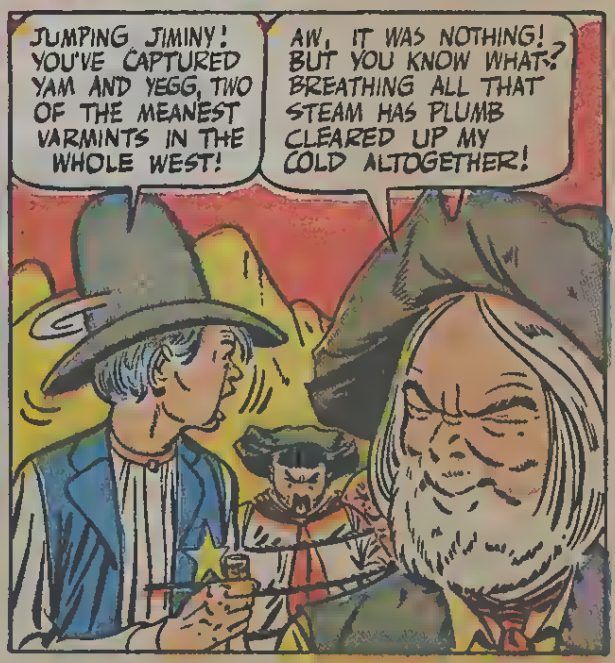

BOOOM!
HISSSS!

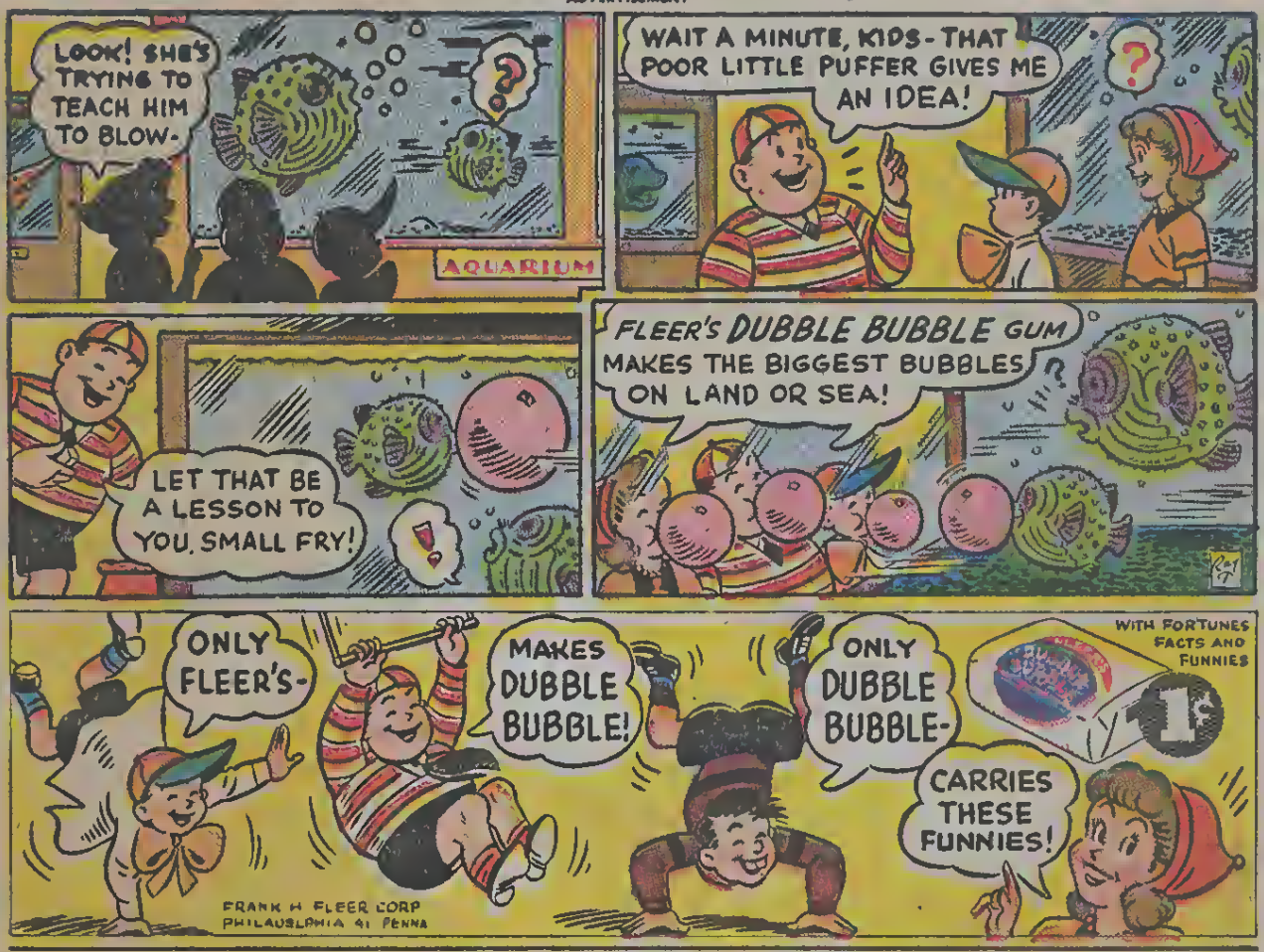

A SHARP PIECE OF FLYING METAL CUTS THE ROPE WHICH SUSPENDS GABBY ABOVE GROUND!
SNAP!
OOOPS!


I'LL FIX YOU CUSSED SIDEWINDERS! YOU BUSTED UP MY COLD CURE CONTRAPTION! NOW I'LL PROBABLY CATCH PUH-NOO-MONEE!
PLOP!


THAT STEAM IS KINDA BLINDING, BUT I CAN STILL SEE YOU TWO COYOTES!
SOCKO!
SOCKO!

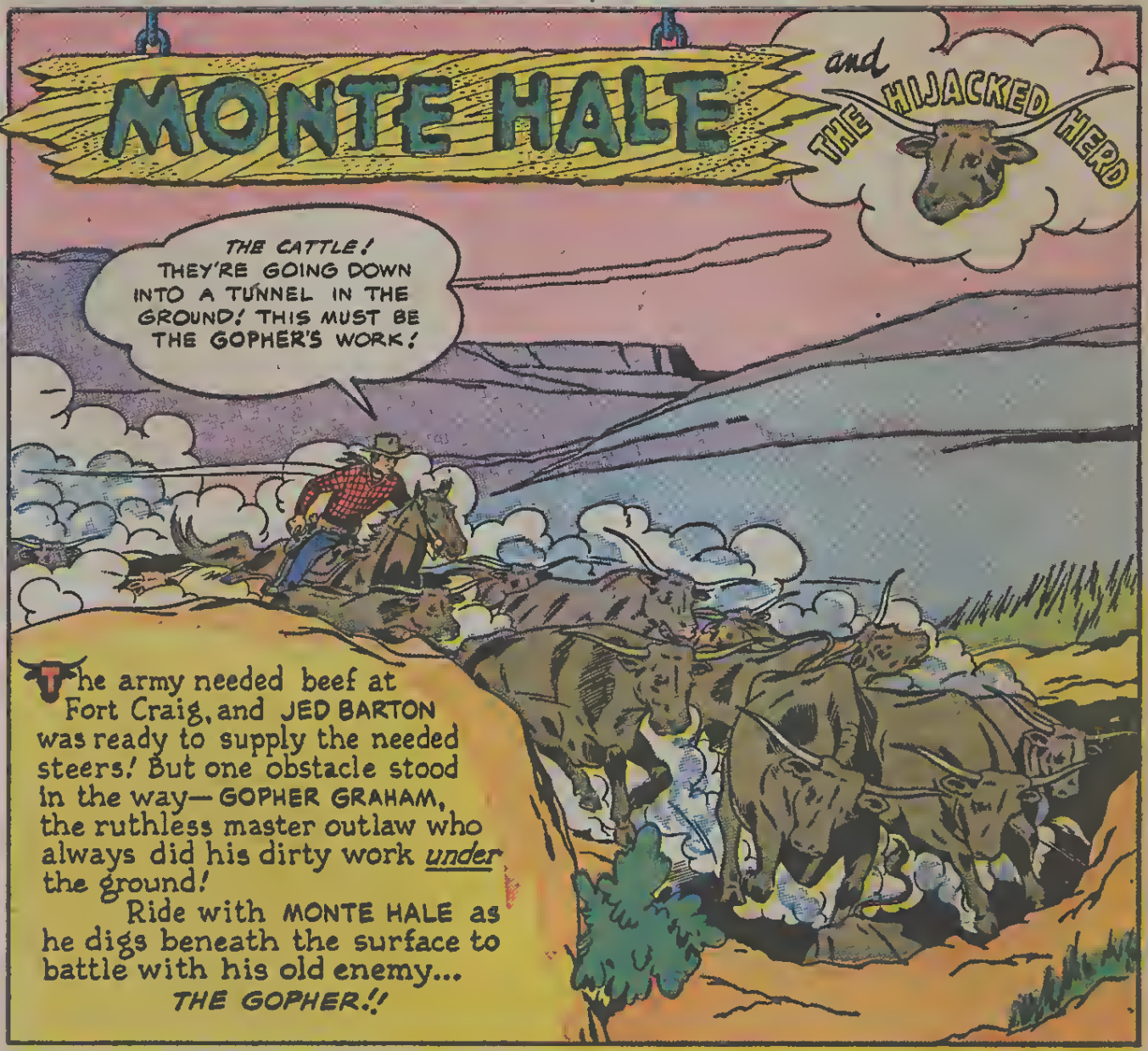

A LITTLE LATER...
SHERIFF SLIM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M RIDING AHEAD OF THE STAGE TO PROTECT THE GOLD SHIPMENT! BUT HOW ABOUT YOU?


JUMPING JIMINY! YOU'VE CAPTURED YAM AND YEGG, TWO OF THE MEANEST VARMINTS IN THE WHOLE WEST!
AW, IT WAS NOTHING! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? BREATHING ALL THAT STEAM HAS PLUMB CLEARED UP MY COLD ALTOGETHER!


LOOK! SHE'S TRYING TO TEACH HIM TO BLOW-
AQUARIUM
WAIT A MINUTE, KIDS - THAT POOR LITTLE PUFFER GIVES ME AN IDEA!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, SMALL FRY!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM MAKES THE BIGGEST BUBBLES ON LAND OR SEA!
ONLY FLEER'S-
MAKES DUBBLE BUBBLE!
ONLY DUBBLE BUBBLE-
CARRIES THESE FUNNIES!
WITH FORTUNES FACTS AND FUNNIES
1¢
FRANK H FLEER CORP
PHILADELPHIA 41 PENNA


Hi Kids!
GET THIS BIG PLAY BOOK!
COSTS YOU NO MONEY
JUST SEND THE SAILOR BOYS FROM 2 PACKAGES OF
Cracker Jack!
PLAY BOOK
32 PAGES OF
MAGIC TRICKS
RIDDLES
GAMES
PUZZLERS
DOT GAMES
COMICS TO COLOR
THINGS TO MAKE, ETC.
YOU GET SO MUCH MORE FOR YOUR MONEY IN CRACKER JACK!
GET 2 BOXES OF CRACKER JACK-
CUT 2 SAILOR BOYS FROM 2 BOXES OF CRACKER JACK
Then SEND THE 2 SAILOR BOYS TO
THE CRACKER JACK CO.
PLAY BOOK DESK 40
4800 W. 66th STREET
CHICAGO-38- ILLINOIS.
OFFER ENDS AUGUST 1, 1950
LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK at AMUSEMENT PARKS - CIRCUSES - BALL GAMES - CARNIVALS - ZOOS - RESORTS - DEPOTS ON CONFECTION COUNTERS IN CANDY, DRUG and GROCERY STORES

MONTE HALE and THE HIJACKED HERD



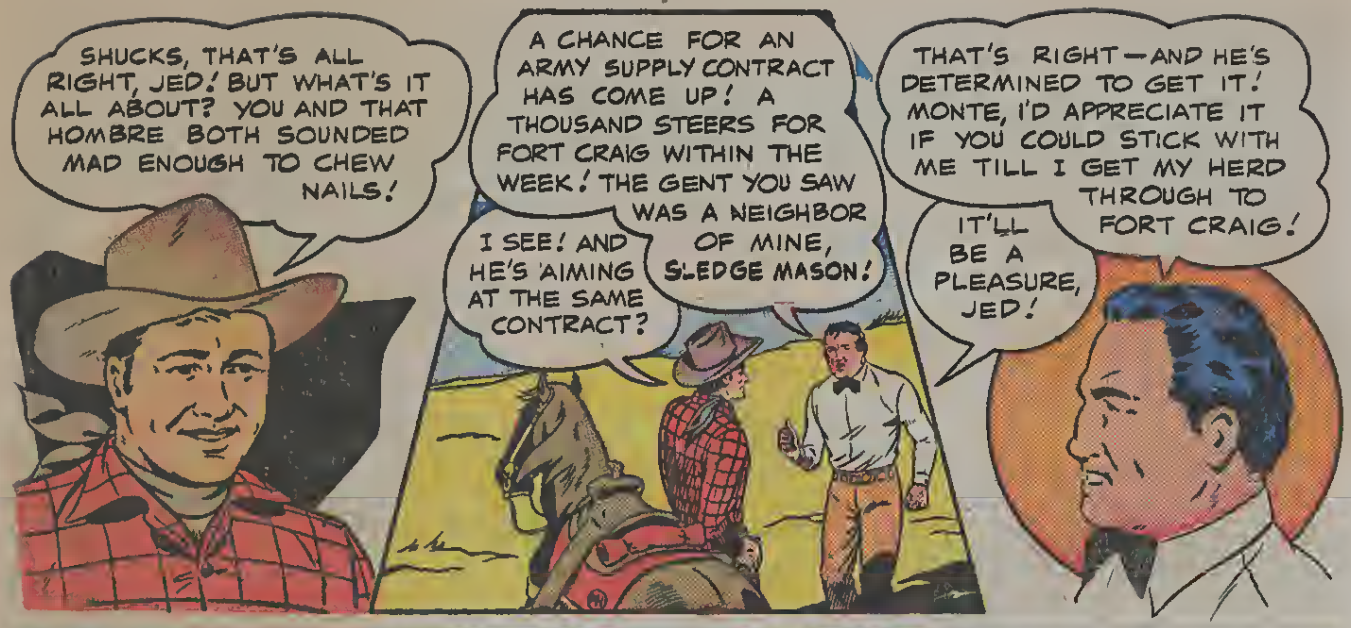
The army needed beef at Fort Craig, and JED BARTON was ready to supply the needed steers! But one obstacle stood in the way—GOPHER GRAHAM, the ruthless master outlaw who always did his dirty work *under* the ground!

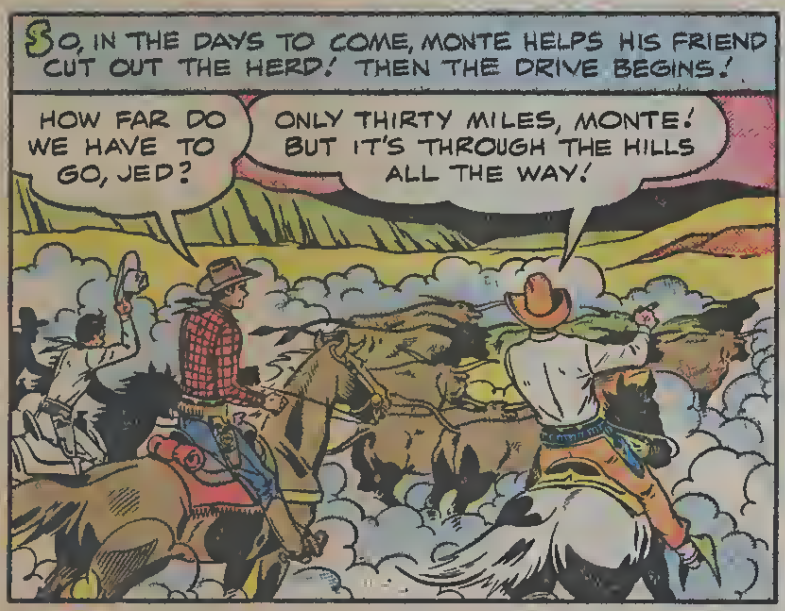
Ride with MONTE HALE as he digs beneath the surface to battle with his old enemy... *THE GOPHER!!*

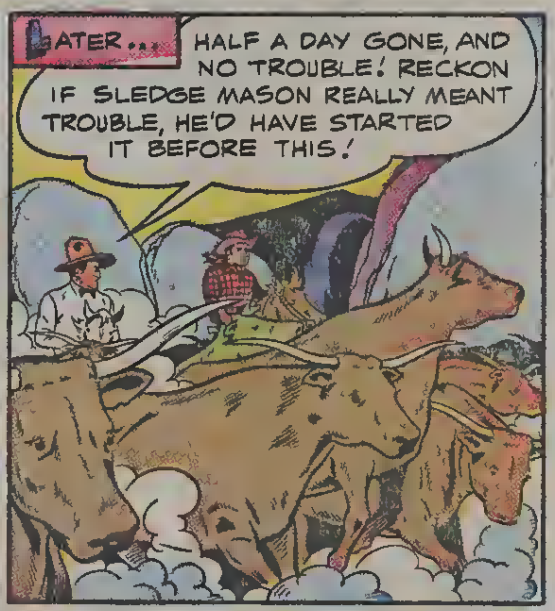


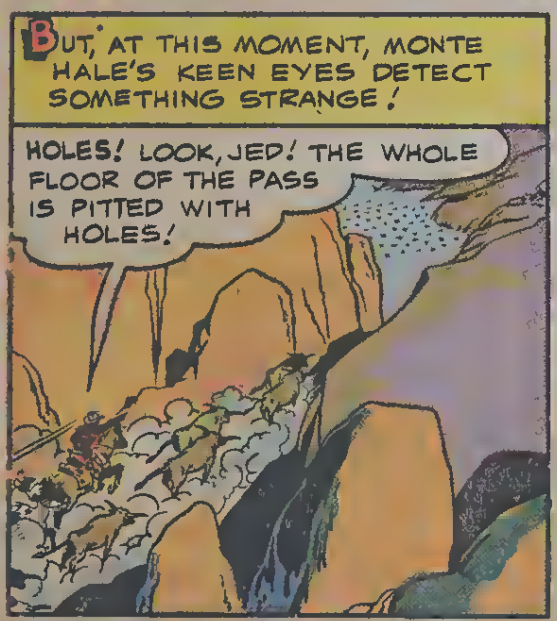


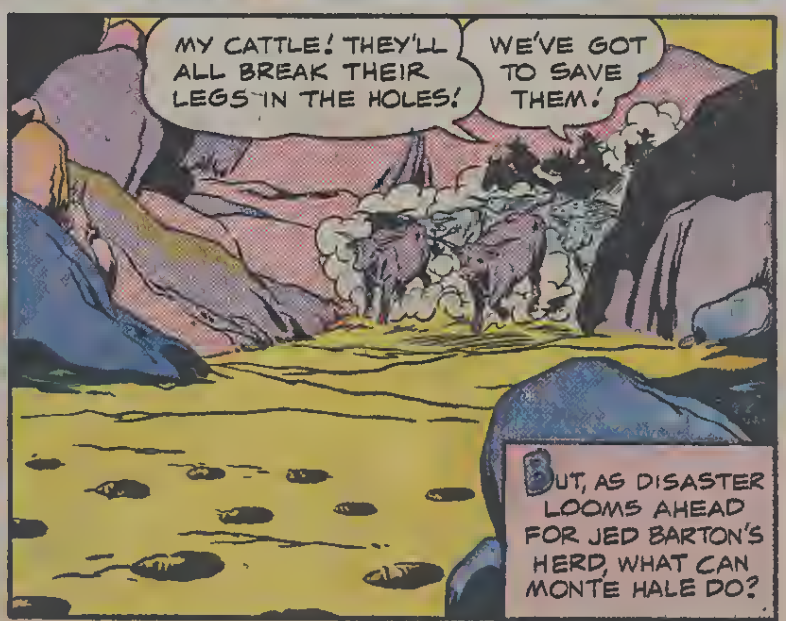


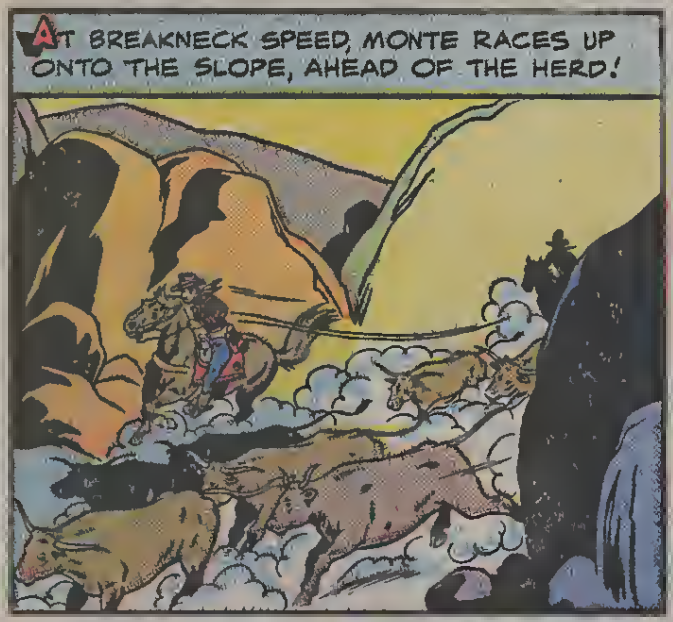

SHUCKS, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JED! BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? YOU AND THAT HOMBRE BOTH SOUNDED MAD ENOUGH TO CHEW NAILS!
A CHANCE FOR AN ARMY SUPPLY CONTRACT HAS COME UP! A THOUSAND STEERS FOR FORT CRAIG WITHIN THE WEEK! THE GENT YOU SAW WAS A NEIGHBOR OF MINE, SLEDGE MASON!
I SEE! AND HE'S AIMING AT THE SAME CONTRACT?
THAT'S RIGHT—AND HE'S DETERMINED TO GET IT! MONTE, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU COULD STICK WITH ME TILL I GET MY HERD THROUGH TO FORT CRAIG!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, JED!

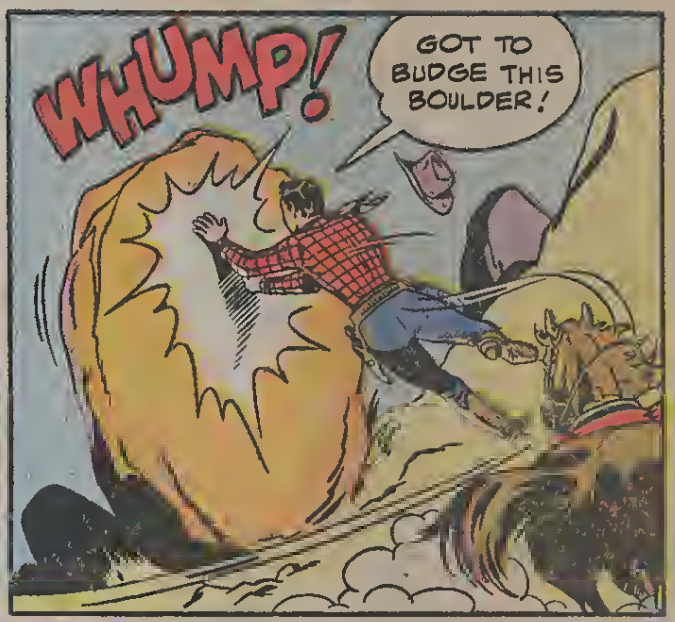

SO, IN THE DAYS TO COME, MONTE HELPS HIS FRIEND CUT OUT THE HERD! THEN THE DRIVE BEGINS!
HOW FAR DO WE HAVE TO GO, JED?
ONLY THIRTY MILES, MONTE! BUT IT'S THROUGH THE HILLS ALL THE WAY!


LATER...
HALF A DAY GONE, AND NO TROUBLE! RECKON IF SLEDGE MASON REALLY MEANT TROUBLE, HE'D HAVE STARTED IT BEFORE THIS!

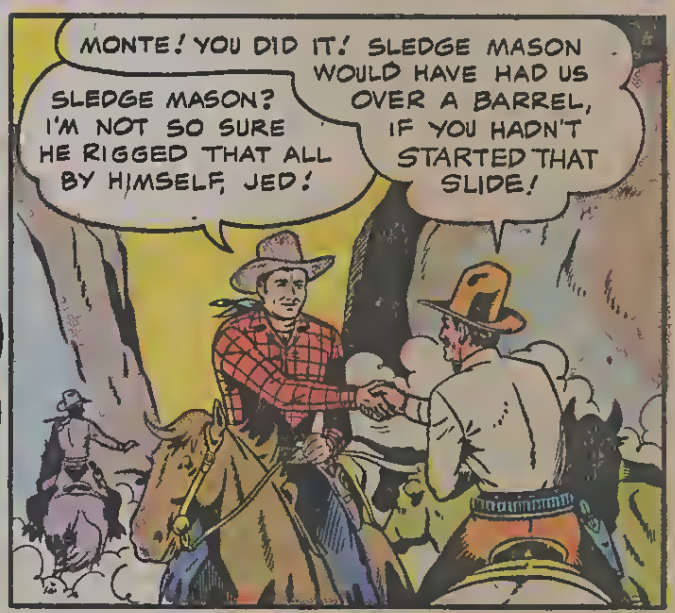

BUT, AT THIS MOMENT, MONTE HALE'S KEEN EYES DETECT SOMETHING STRANGE!
HOLES! LOOK, JED! THE WHOLE FLOOR OF THE PASS IS PITTED WITH HOLES!

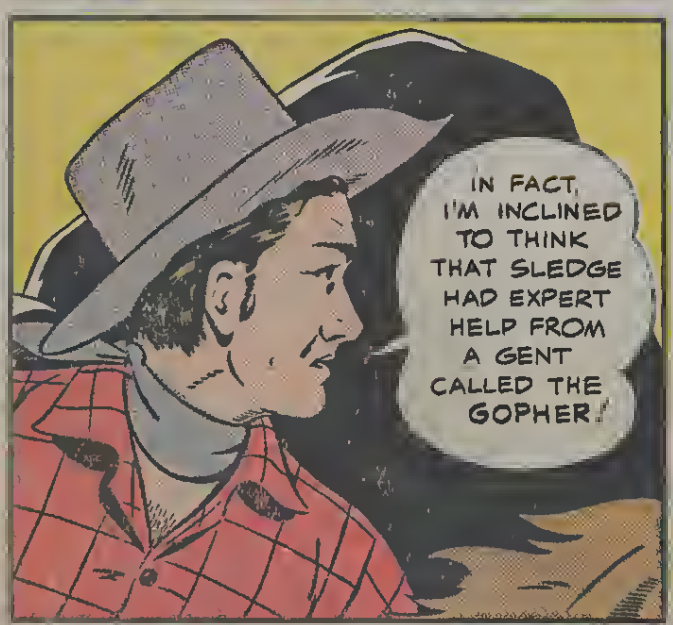

MY CATTLE! THEY'LL ALL BREAK THEIR LEGS IN THE HOLES!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!
BUT, AS DISASTER LOOMS AHEAD FOR JED BARTON'S HERD, WHAT CAN MONTE HALE DO?

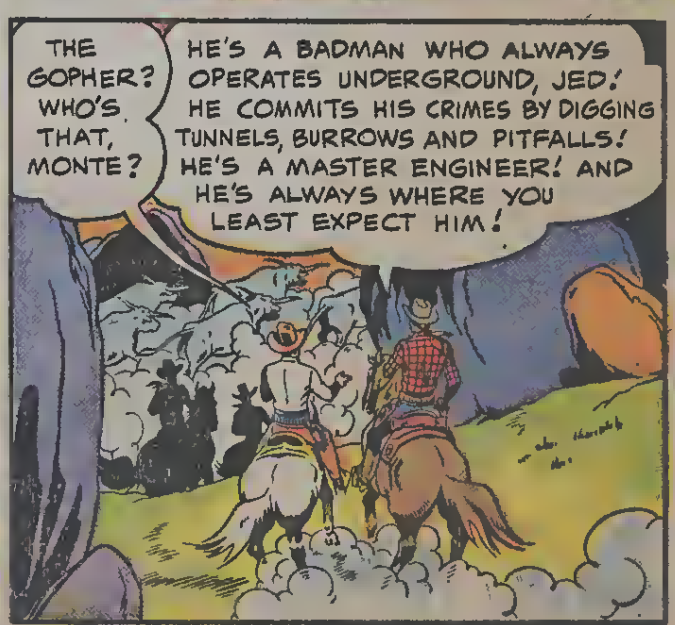

AT BREAKNECK SPEED, MONTE RACES UP ONTO THE SLOPE, AHEAD OF THE HERD!


WHUMP!
GOT TO BUDGE THIS BOULDER!

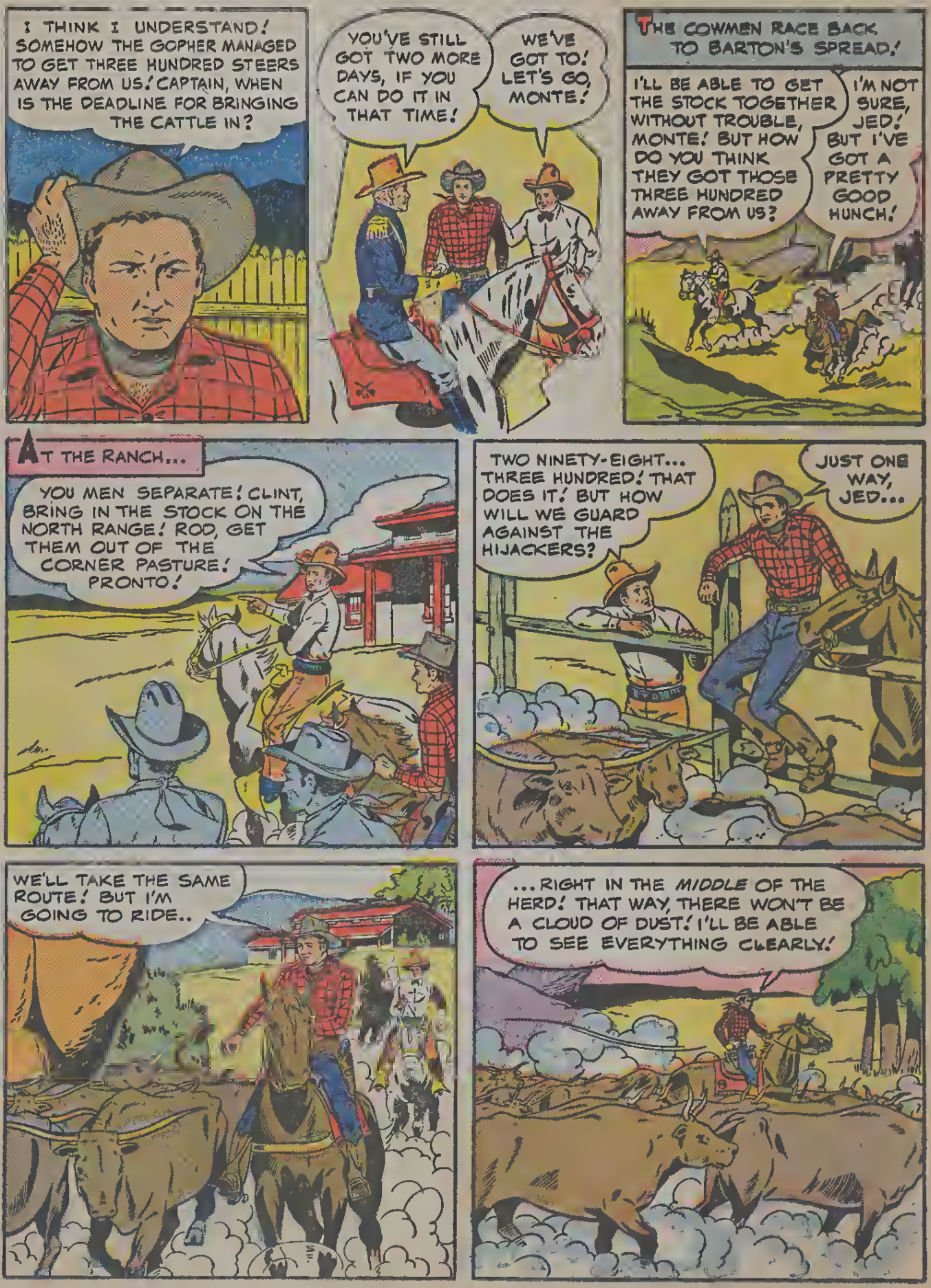

THAT WILL START A LANDSLIDE AND FILL UP THOSE HOLES!
RRROOOM!
A DELUGE OF ROCKS AND LOOSE DIRT POURS DOWN THE SLOPE!
HALE'S STARTED A LANDSLIDE! HE'S FILLED UP THOSE HOLES!
AND MADE IT SAFE FOR OUR STEERS TO GO THROUGH THE VALLEY! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!


MONTE! YOU DID IT! SLEDGE MASON WOULD HAVE HAD US OVER A BARREL, IF YOU HADN'T STARTED THAT SLIDE!
SLEDGE MASON? I'M NOT SO SURE HE RIGGED THAT ALL BY HIMSELF, JED!


IN FACT, I'M INCLINED TO THINK THAT SLEDGE HAD EXPERT HELP FROM A GENT CALLED THE GOPHER!


THE GOPHER? WHO'S THAT, MONTE?
HE'S A BADMAN WHO ALWAYS OPERATES UNDERGROUND, JED! HE COMMITS HIS CRIMES BY DIGGING TUNNELS, BURROWS AND PITFALLS! HE'S A MASTER ENGINEER! AND HE'S ALWAYS WHERE YOU LEAST EXPECT HIM!


EVERYWHERE HE'S BEEN, JED, FOLKS CALL HIM THE GOPHER!
BUT WHY DO YOU THINK HE'S IN ON THIS WITH SLEDGE MASON?
BECAUSE I KNOW HE'S IN THIS REGION SOMEWHERE! AND BECAUSE THOSE HOLES WERE HIS SIGNATURE! NO ONE ELSE COULD HAVE DONE THAT JOB BUT GOPHER GRAHAM AND HIS GANG!
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO, MONTE?
KEEP GOING, WITH A WEATHER EYE PEELED FOR TROUBLE!
THE HERD IS ROUNDED UP AGAIN, AND GETS UNDER WAY!
YIP! YIP! KEEP 'EM MOVING, BOYS!
EEEE-YIPP!
NEXT DAY...
THERE'S FORT CRAIG, MONTE! I RECKON 'SLEDGE AND THE GOPHER WERE AFRAID TO TRY AGAIN!
LOOKS THAT WAY, JED!
HOWDY, CAPTAIN SCOTT! HERE'S MY THOUSAND STEERS, TO FILL THE BEEF CONTRACT!
GOOD WORK, BARTON! I'LL HAVE MY TALLY MEN GO OVER THE HERD!
BUT A SHORT TIME LATER...
WHAT IS THIS, BARTON? THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED HEAD IN YOUR HERD! ARE YOU TRYING TO PUT SOMETHING OVER ON THE ARMY?
SEVEN HUNDRED?! BUT I KNOW THERE WERE A THOUSAND WHEN WE STARTED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

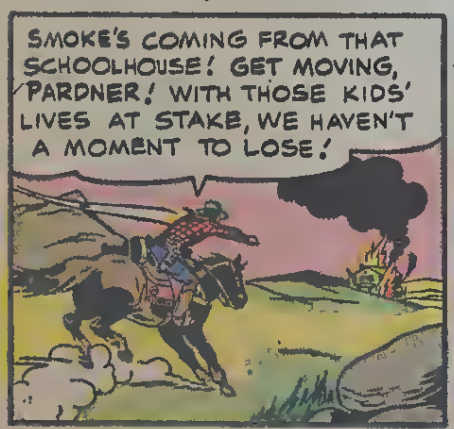

I THINK I UNDERSTAND! SOMEHOW THE GOPHER MANAGED TO GET THREE HUNDRED STEERS AWAY FROM US! CAPTAIN, WHEN IS THE DEADLINE FOR BRINGING THE CATTLE IN?
YOU'VE STILL GOT TWO MORE DAYS, IF YOU CAN DO IT IN THAT TIME!
WE'VE GOT TO! LET'S GO, MONTE!
THE COWMEN RACE BACK TO BARTON'S SPREAD!
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET THE STOCK TOGETHER WITHOUT TROUBLE, MONTE! BUT HOW DO YOU THINK THEY GOT THOSE THREE HUNDRED AWAY FROM US?
I'M NOT SURE, JED! BUT I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD HUNCH!
AT THE RANCH...
YOU MEN SEPARATE! CLINT, BRING IN THE STOCK ON THE NORTH RANGE! ROD, GET THEM OUT OF THE CORNER PASTURE! PRONTO!
TWO NINETY-EIGHT... THREE HUNDRED! THAT DOES IT! BUT HOW WILL WE GUARD AGAINST THE HIJACKERS?
JUST ONE WAY, JED...
WE'LL TAKE THE SAME ROUTE! BUT I'M GOING TO RIDE..
...RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HERD! THAT WAY, THERE WON'T BE A CLOUD OF DUST! I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE EVERYTHING CLEARLY!

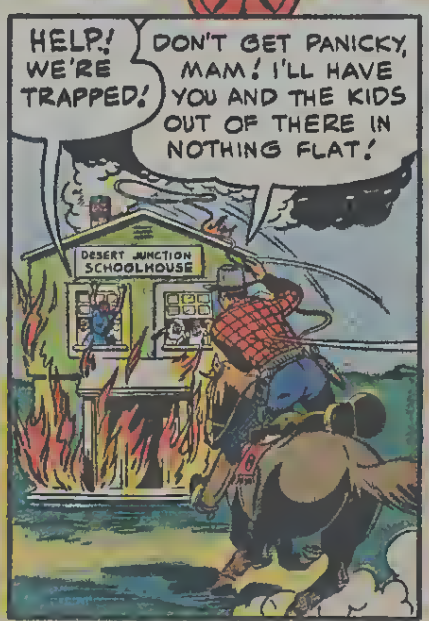

MONTE RIDES FOR MILES IN THE CENTER OF THE CATTLE! THEIR RAZOR-EDGED HORNS ARE SCANT INCHES FROM PARDNER'S FLANKS...
SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS, PARD!
SUDDENLY!
A TUNNEL DEAD AHEAD! THE CATTLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HERD ARE GOING DOWN INTO IT... HIDDEN BY THE DUST!
THIS IS THE GOPHER'S WORK, ALL RIGHT! NO ONE BUT THAT VARMINT COULD FIGURE OUT A CATTLE-STEALING STUNT LIKE THIS!
THE TUNNEL ISN'T TOO LONG! THERE'S ANOTHER OPENING AHEAD...
...AND WAITING FOR THEIR CATCH—THE GOPHER AND HIS GANG!
LOOK, BOSS! IT'S MONTE HALE! HE FIGURED OUT OUR SCHEME!
TOO BAD FOR HALE! BLAST HIM!
THE OUTLAW ARTILLERY ROARS!!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

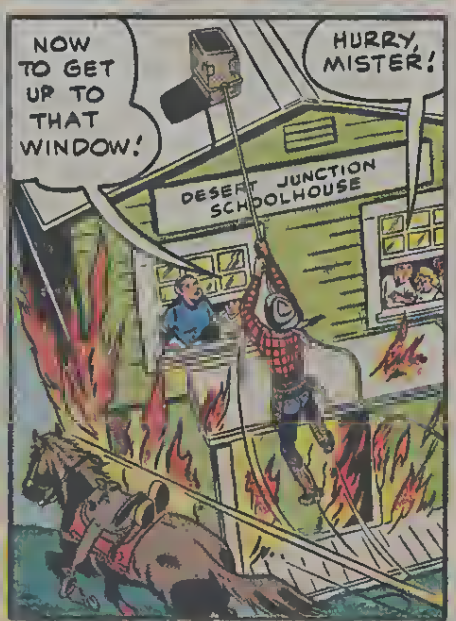

DUCKING THE FIRST FUSILLADE, MONTE FIRES FROM THE GROUND!
UGH! MY SHOULDER!
BANG!
BANG!
A SPADE CAN BREAK GROUND... AND HEADS, HALE!
THUD!
BUT THE BLOW IS A GLANCING ONE!
NOT THIS TIME, GOPHER!
BANG!
AS THE GIANT COWBOY SLUGS THE BADMEN INTO SUBMISSION, JED BARTON RIDES OVER THE HILL!
MONTE! I SEE YOU CAUGHT UP WITH THE GOPHER! WE HEARD SHOTS, AND CAME FAST!
THANKS, JED!
POW!
BUT WHERE'S SLEDGE MASON?
THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO FIND OUT! WHERE'S MASON? TALK FAST, GOPHER!
BAH! YOU'LL FIND OUT ANYWAY, HALE! MASON WASN'T IN ON THIS! WE HELD HIM UP, AND LEFT HIM TIED IN HIS OWN BARN! WE WERE GOING TO DELIVER HIS CATTLE TO FORT CRAIG! BUT YOU GOT IN THE WAY! WE TRIED THOSE HOLES IN THE VALLEY TO STOP YOU!
WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, I FIGURED I'D STEAL YOUR CATTLE WITH THE TUNNEL SCHEME! WE FIGURED THE DUST WOULD KEEP YOU FROM SEEING IT!
WHICH IT DID— UNTIL MONTE RODE IN THE CENTER OF THE HERD! YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON THAT!
SHUCKS! IT WAS ONLY LUCK THAT MY HUNCH WORKED OUT! IT WAS GOOD LUCK FOR JED, AND JUST THE OPPOSITE FOR MR. GOPHER! HE'LL GO BACK TO JAIL WHERE HE BELONGS, AND WE'LL RIDE OVER TO RELEASE MASON!



MONTE HALE, TROUBLE-SHOOTING TROUBADOUR OF THE RANGE, AND HIS GREAT STALLION, PARDNER, REACT INSTANTLY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE!





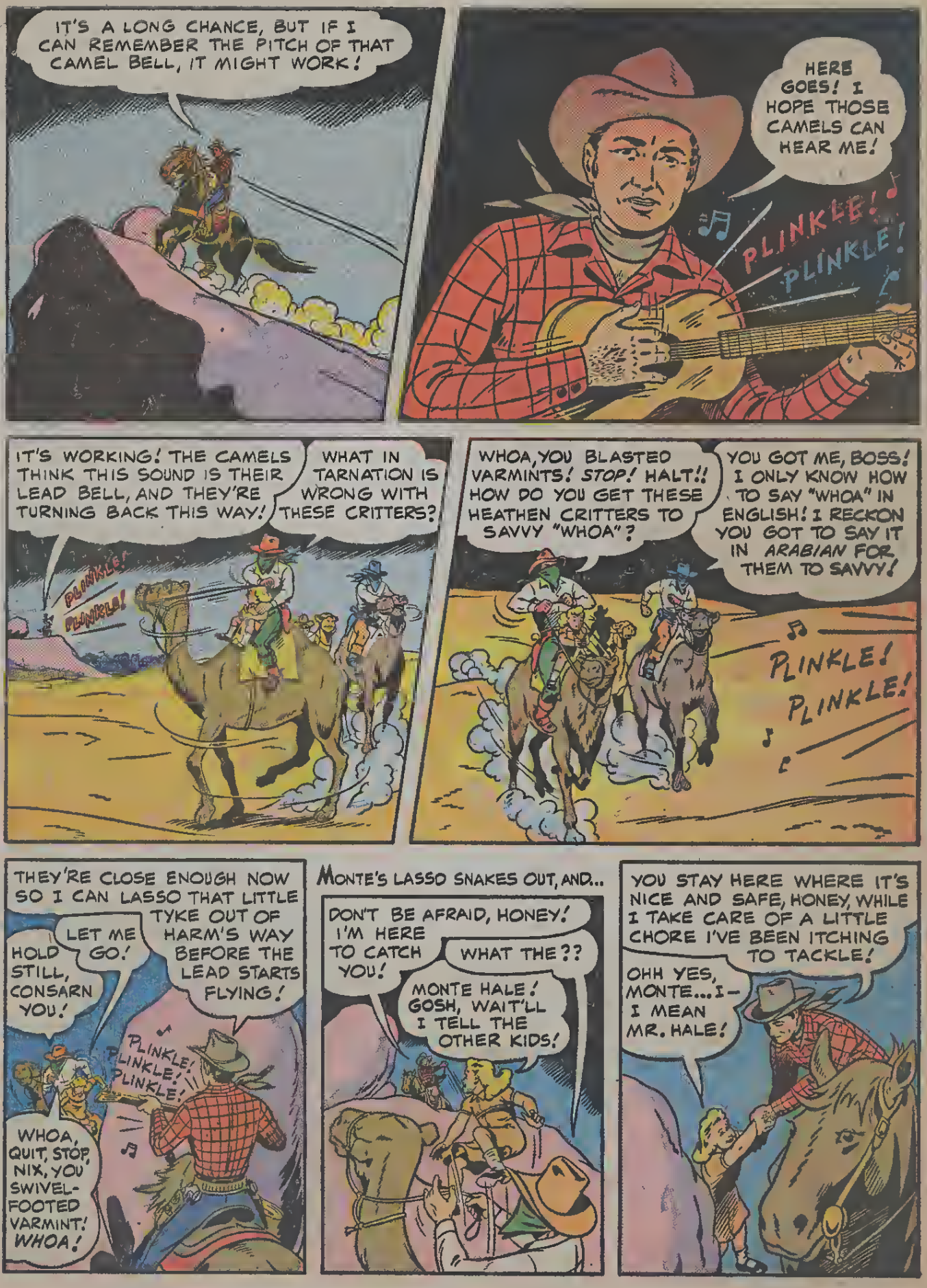



BEING SIX FOOT SIX COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY SOMETIMES!
QUICK! SLIDE DOWN THE ROPE TO THE GROUND! I'LL HOLD OUT UNTIL YOU REACH SAFETY!
HURRY, CHILDREN! THE BUILDING MAY COLLAPSE ANY MOMENT!
I GOT THEM OUT IN THE NICK OF TIME! THERE GOES THE BUILDING, AND HERE I GO!
R-R-RUMBLE!
C-O-R-R-A-C-K!
GEE! I'LL BET HE'S MONTE HALE, BECAUSE ONLY MONTE HALE COULD DO THAT!
CRASH!
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR WHAT YOU DID, MONTE HALE!
SHUCKS, MAM, I'M MIGHTY GLAD I GOT HERE WHEN I DID! I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING ANOTHER SCHOOLHOUSE PUT UP, BECAUSE SCHOOLS ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!
THEN!
GOSH, LOOK! A REAL CIRCUS IS COMING THIS WAY!
HMM! IT LOOKS LIKE DOC BENDER'S TRAVELING CIRCUS! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
WHAT KIND OF IDEA?
A MIGHTY GOOD ONE, MAM! AN IDEA THAT MIGHT GET YOU AND THE KIDS A SPANKING NEW SCHOOLHOUSE!
DOC BENDER'S CIRCUS
DOC BENDER'S TRAVELING CIRCUS


A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY GOOD FRIEND, MONTE HALE! HOW ARE YOU, MONTE, MY BOY?
I'M FINE, DOC, BUT THOSE YOUNGSTERS BACK THERE ARE IN A BIT OF A MESS! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD HELP THEM OUT!
DOC BENDER
WHY, I'D BE DELIGHTED TO HELP THE YOUNGSTERS!
FINE, DOC! YOU SEE, THEIR SCHOOLHOUSE JUST BURNED DOWN, AND IF YOU COULD GIVE A PERFORMANCE TO RAISE FUNDS FOR A NEW ONE, IT'D FIX THINGS RIGHT FOR THEM!
A WONDERFUL IDEA, MONTE! AND TO BE SURE OF A SELL-OUT FOR THE WORTHY CAUSE—YOU, MONTE HALE, WILL BE THE FEATURED STAR OF THE SHOW, AND THE CHILDREN SHALL BE OUR HONORED GUESTS!
SUITS ME, YOU BIG-HEARTED OLD SCALAWAG!
THAT NIGHT, IN DESERT JUNCTION...
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, AND SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH AND TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNG ONES' EDUCATION AT THE SAME TIME! PUT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE BOX, AND PUT IN PLENTY!
MONTE HALE NITE
SCHOOL FUND PERFORMANCE
ADMISSION PRICE: ANYTHING YOU WANT TO GIVE!!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, FOLKS! GIVE ALL YOU CAN FOR THE GOOD CAUSE!
WE SURE WILL, MONTE! MIGHTY GOOD OF YOU TO HELP THE KIDS THIS WAY!
LOOK AT ALL THAT WAMPUM! IT'D MAKE SOME HAUL, EH, BOYS?
YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO IF YOU'RE THINKING OF TAKING A CHANCE STEALING IT WITH MONTE HALE AROUND! HE'S PURE GREASED LIGHTNING WITH HIS GUNS!
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO USE HIS GUNS, IF I USE ONE OF THOSE KIDS FOR A SHIELD!
BUT WE STILL COULDN'T MAKE A GETAWAY ACROSS THE DESERT ON OUR BRONCS! NO HORSE IN THE WORLD CAN RIDE IN THE SOFT SAND OF THAT DESERT!
RIGHT! BUT WE'RE NOT FIXING TO MAKE OUR GETAWAY ON BRONCS! WE'LL USE THOSE CAMELS!
TINKLE! TINKLE!

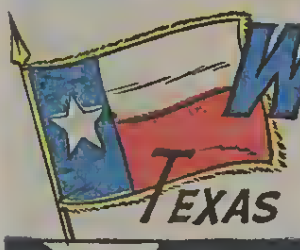

LET'S GO! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO START AND WHEN IT DOES, WE'LL GRAB THE MONEY BAG FORK THOSE CAMELS AND HEAD ACROSS THE DESERT WITH ONE OF THE KIDS FOR HOSTAGE!
WHAT DO YOU RECKON MONTE HALE'LL BE DOING WHILE WE'RE DOING ALL THAT?
HA, HA! SEE THOSE LIONS IN THAT BIG CAGE? MONTE HALE'LL BE PLUMB BUSY WITH THEM! I AIM TO TURN THEM LOOSE! NOW, BOYS, GRAB THE MONEY AND CAMELS, WHILE I GRAB ONE OF THOSE BRATS!
R-R-R-R-R!
BANG! BANG!
RIGHT, BOSS!
SUDDENLY!
HAND OVER THAT MONEY!
HELP!
STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, OR I'LL DRILL THIS KID!!
LET GO OF ME! HELP! MONTE, HELP!!
GRR R!
POW!
SO LONG, MONTE HALE! HERE'S SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH WHILE WE MAKE OUR GETAWAY ACROSS THE DESERT, WHERE YOU CAN'T FOLLOW US!
BANDITS... AND I CAN'T USE MY GUNS WITH THE LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE IN DANGER!
BANG!
TINKLE! TINKLE!
GRR!
THOSE OUTLAWS WILL GET AWAY, BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT... YET! I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST THINGS, FIRST... NAMELY THOSE LIONS!
EEK!
GRR
ROWR!
MONTE RACES TO THE CIRCUS' SUPPLY TENT...
I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO BORROW THAT SIDE OF BEEF FROM THE COMMISSARY IN ORDER TO ROUND UP THOSE JUNGLE VARMINTS!
COMMISSARY
MONTE HALE'S STRATEGY SOON BECOMES APPARENT!
THAT'S IT, YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY CRITTERS! AS LONG AS YOU'RE CHASING THAT RAW BEEF, THE REST OF THE FOLKS'LL BE A HEAP SAFER!
G-R-R-R-R!
YOWRRR!


NOW, GET BACK IN YOUR CAGE...
THWACK!
GRROWRR!!
...SO WE CAN JAM THIS DOOR CLOSED! GOOD BOY, PARDNER! I RECKON THAT'LL HOLD THEM!
WHANG!
BUT THOSE BANDITS WENT OUT INTO THE DESERT! I'VE NEVER BE ABLE TO CHASE THEM ON PARDNER!
THE DESERT STARTS HERE! I CAN'T GO OUT ON IT! LEND ME YOUR RIFLE, MISTER! I JUST GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY BRING THOSE JASPERS BACK!
SURE, MONTE! TAKE IT!
WHOA, PARDNER! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME MIGHTY FANCY SHOOTING, BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE BEFORE THEY GET OUT OF RIFLE RANGE!
BANG!
TINKLE TINKLE
THAT DID IT! I SHOT THE BELL FROM THE LEAD CAMEL'S NECK!
CLANG!
THE WIND IS BLOWING FROM THAT BLUFF UP AHEAD TOWARD THE CAMELS—WHICH IS PLUMB PERFECT FOR WHAT I AIM TO DO! FASTER, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE TOP OF THAT BLUFF BEFORE THEY GET OUT OF HEARING RANGE!


IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT IF I CAN REMEMBER THE PITCH OF THAT CAMEL BELL, IT MIGHT WORK!
HERE GOES! I HOPE THOSE CAMELS CAN HEAR ME!
PLINKLE! PLINKLE!
IT'S WORKING! THE CAMELS THINK THIS SOUND IS THEIR LEAD BELL, AND THEY'RE TURNING BACK THIS WAY!
WHAT IN TARNATION IS WRONG WITH THESE CRITTERS?
PLINKLE! PLINKLE!
WHOA, YOU BLASTED VARMINTS! STOP! HALT!! HOW DO YOU GET THESE HEATHEN CRITTERS TO SAVVY "WHOA"?
YOU GOT ME, BOSS! I ONLY KNOW HOW TO SAY "WHOA" IN ENGLISH! I RECKON YOU GOT TO SAY IT IN ARABIAN FOR THEM TO SAVVY!
PLINKLE! PLINKLE!
THEY'RE CLOSE ENOUGH NOW SO I CAN LASSO THAT LITTLE TYKE OUT OF HARM'S WAY BEFORE THE LEAD STARTS FLYING!
LET ME GO!
HOLD STILL, CONSARN YOU!
PLINKLE! PLINKLE! PLINKLE!
WHOA, QUIT, STOP, NIX, YOU SWIVEL-FOOTED VARMINT! WHOA!
MONTE'S LASSO SNAKES OUT, AND...
DON'T BE AFRAID, HONEY! I'M HERE TO CATCH YOU!
WHAT THE??
MONTE HALE! GOSH, WAIT'LL I TELL THE OTHER KIDS!
YOU STAY HERE WHERE IT'S NICE AND SAFE, HONEY, WHILE I TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE CHORE I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO TACKLE!
OHH YES, MONTE... I— I MEAN MR. HALE!


IT'S MONTE HALE! GUN HIM DOWN, BOYS!
DROP YOUR GUNS, YOU FUND-STEALING VARMINTS!
WHEN I SAY DROP YOUR GUNS, I MEAN DROP YOUR GUNS! SAVVY?
OUCH! HE'S NOT HUMAN!
HE SHOT THE GUN CLEAN OUT OF MY HAND! I QUIT!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
ESPECIALLY THIS ONE! HE'S NONE OTHER THAN SLINK McFRY, THE OUTLAW! THERE'S A THOUSAND-DOLLAR REWARD ON HIM, WHICH GOES TO YOU, MONTE!
THAT'S GREAT NEWS, SHERIFF! JUST CHUCK THE REWARD MONEY IN WITH THE REST OF THE SCHOOL FUNDS FOR EXTRA BOOKS AND PENCILS AND SUCH!
WANTED
SLINK McFRY
$1,000 REWARD
HOW IN TARNATION DID YOU GET THESE CRITTERS TO DOUBLE-CROSS US THAT WAY-- MAKING THEM COME TO YOU WHEN WE COULDN'T EVEN GET THEM TO STOP??
IT'S ALL IN KNOWING HOW! I KNEW THAT CAMELS WILL FOLLOW THE SOUND OF A LEAD BELL LIKE SHEEP! THAT DID THE TRICK!
BACK IN TOWN...
IT'S MONTE HALE... BACK WITH THE BANDITS! I TOLD YOU FOLKS HE'D ROUND THEM UP! MONTE NEVER MISSES!
HOWDY, SHERIFF! GOT ROOM IN YOUR CALABOOSE FOR THESE MAVERICKS?
I SURE HAVE, MONTE!
WANTED
I'LL BE RAMBLING ON DOWN THE TRAIL NOW, FOLKS! NOW YOU YOUNG ONES GET TO STUDYING RIGHT HARD, BECAUSE WHEN I RIDE BACK THIS WAY I WANT TO RUN INTO THE SMARTEST BUNCH OF GALOOTS IN THE COUNTRY! HEAR?
WE WILL, MONTE!
SO LONG, FOLKS! BE GOOD —TO ONE ANOTHER!
SO LONG, MONTE! AND WHEN YOU RIDE BACK THIS WAY, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU WITH A GREAT BIG WELCOME!

MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



WHEN DUSK SETTLES OVER THE PRAIRIE, AND THE COW WADDIES GATHER AROUND THE FLICKERING CAMPFIRE, IT'S TIME FOR MONTE HALE TO UNLIMBER HIS OLD GUITAR! LIKE AS NOT, THE BALLAD THAT MONTE WILL SING WILL BE THE SONG ABOUT *MUSTANG GRAY* — A LEGENDARY HERO WHO DWELT IN THE SOUTHWEST LONG AGO, AND WHO FOUGHT BRAVELY IN THE MEXICAN WAR. HERE'S THE SONG NOW, JUST AS MONTE LEARNED IT FROM A GRIZZLED OLD COWPOKE!

MUSTANG GRAY

There wos a noble ranger
They called him Mustang Gray
He left his hame when but a lad
Went o-ronging far away.

Chorus: But he'll go ne mere a-ronging
The savage to affright
He's heard his last war wheep
And fought his last brave fight.

He ne'er would sleep within a tent
No comforts would he know
But like a brave old Tex-i-an
A-ronging he would go.

When Texas was invaded
By a mighty tyrant foe
He maunted his great stallion
And o-ranging he did ga.

And when this veteran's life was spent
It was his last command
Ta bury him an the Texas soil
By the banks of the Rio Gronde.


OLD SLICK
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE
OH, OH, HYAR COMES BLUSTERY BOSWELL, THE CROOKED POLITICIAN! I SUPPOSE HE'S GOING TUH ASK ME TUH VOTE FER HIM!
POST OFFICE
XXX POISON
HOWDY, OLD SLICK! IT SHORE IS GOOD TUH SEE AN OLD FRIEND! HOW ARE YUH, PAL?
IT'S A FUNNY THING, BOSWELL, HOW GOOD A FRIEND OF MINE YUH ARE WHEN YO'RE RUNNING FER OFFICE!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, CHUM! I'M ALWAYS YORE FRIEND!
SHORE, ALWAYS-- AT ELECTION TIME!
HA, HA, YO'RE A GREAT KIDDER! BUT I KNOW YO'RE GOING TUH VOTE FER ME!
NO, I'M NOT! BUT I WILL SAY YO'RE MY SECOND CHOICE!
I'M YORE SECOND CHOICE? WHO'S YORE FIRST CHOICE?
OH---
...JUST ANYBODY ELSE!
!!!

"Come On, Boys and Girls - Let's Ride the Range together.

JOIN MY "ROCKY" LANE POSSE... and help me keep Law and Order!

"ROCKY" LANE
Famous cowboy star of "Duncan of Abilene" See this exciting new Republic Pictures production at your neighborhood movie.





HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO JOIN!

Accept "Rocky" Lane's personal invitation to join his famous Western Posse! You'll be the envy of your gang, when you wear this official membership badge! Get your pals to join—and be the leader of your own local "Rocky" Lane Posse!

You have to keep healthy—full of energy—to team up with a hard-riding cowboy like "Rocky" Lane. So you'll want to drink his favorite Malted Milk—*Carnation!* And it's a cinch to make swell-tasting, "professional" malts right at home with Carnation. So ask your mother to get a jar of Carnation Malted Milk at the grocer's today—and send for your "Rocky" Lane Posse button *right away!*

ACTUAL SIZE



Get this OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP BADGE

Picture is *real photograph* of "Rocky"—not just a drawing! Has "Rocky's" signature, to certify that this is the *only* official membership badge. Pin has special safety clasp, so you won't lose it.

ONLY 10¢

and one Carnation Malted Milk Label



CARNATION IS MY BRAND



TWO FLAVORS—
Chocolate and Natural
in thrifty 1-lb. jars

CARNATION MALTED MILK
Box 1030, Hollywood 28, California

Please enroll me in "Rocky" Lane's Posse and send me _____ Official Membership Badges. (You can send for extra badges, and swear in your friends as members—but be sure to send 10¢ and a label from Carnation Malted Milk for each badge you order).

NAME _____
(Please Print)

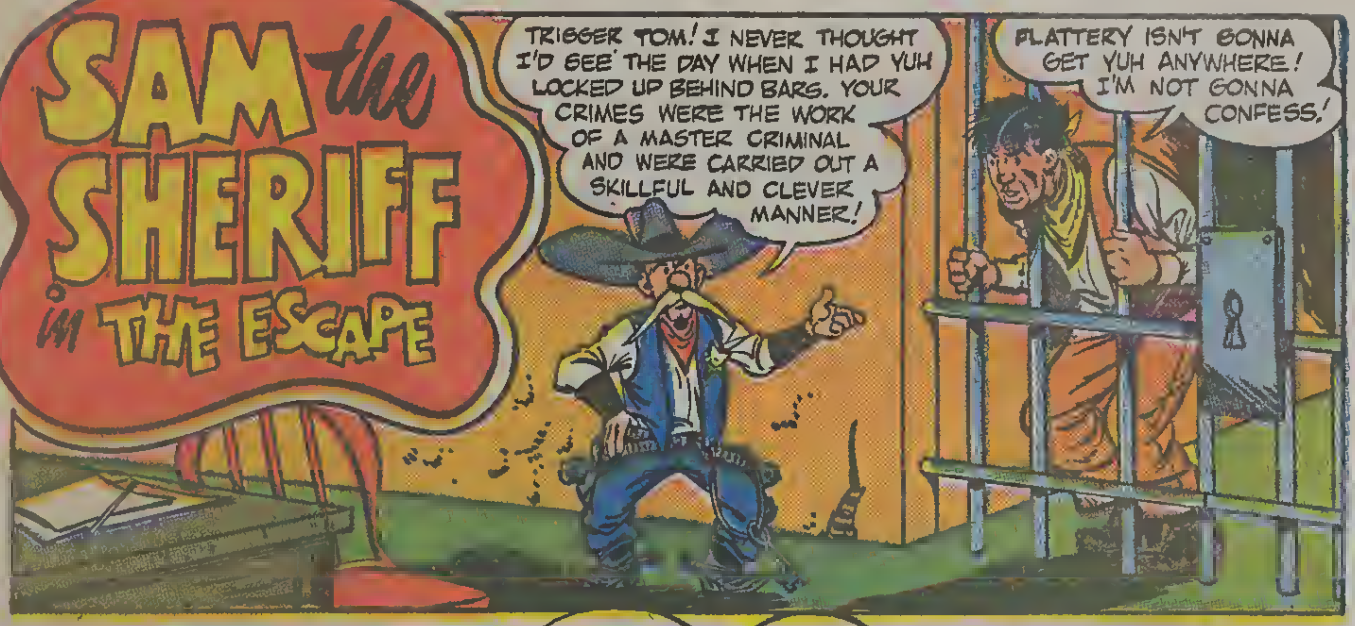
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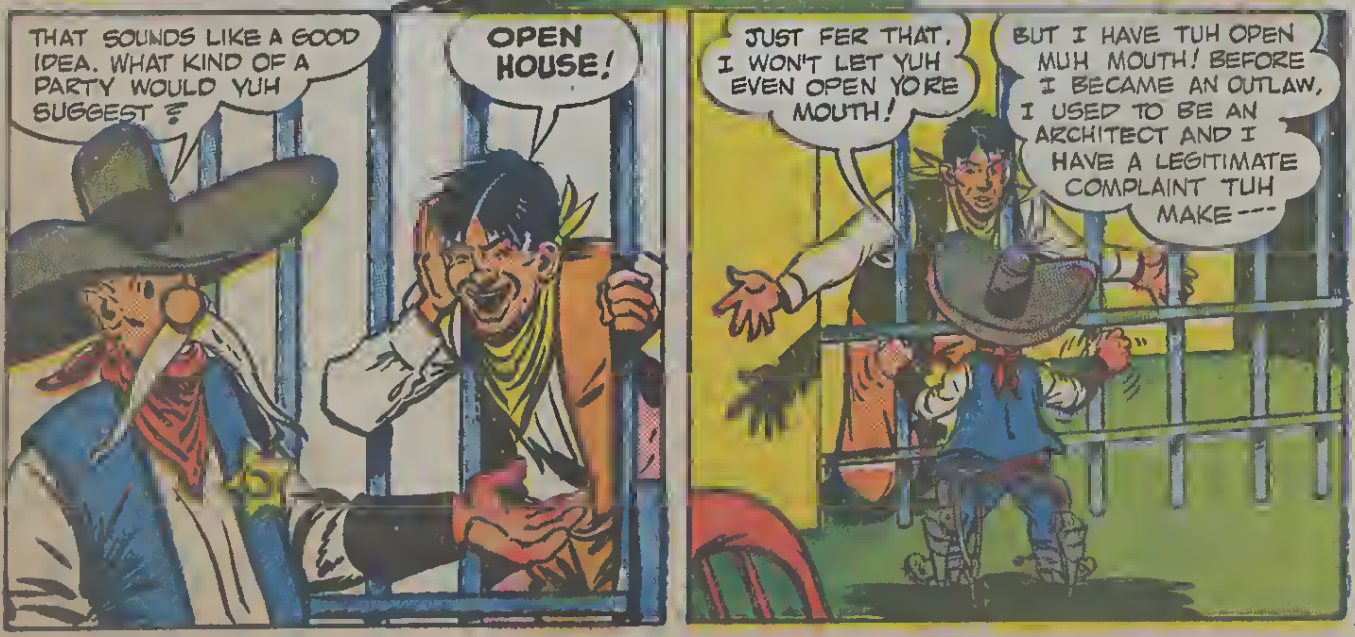
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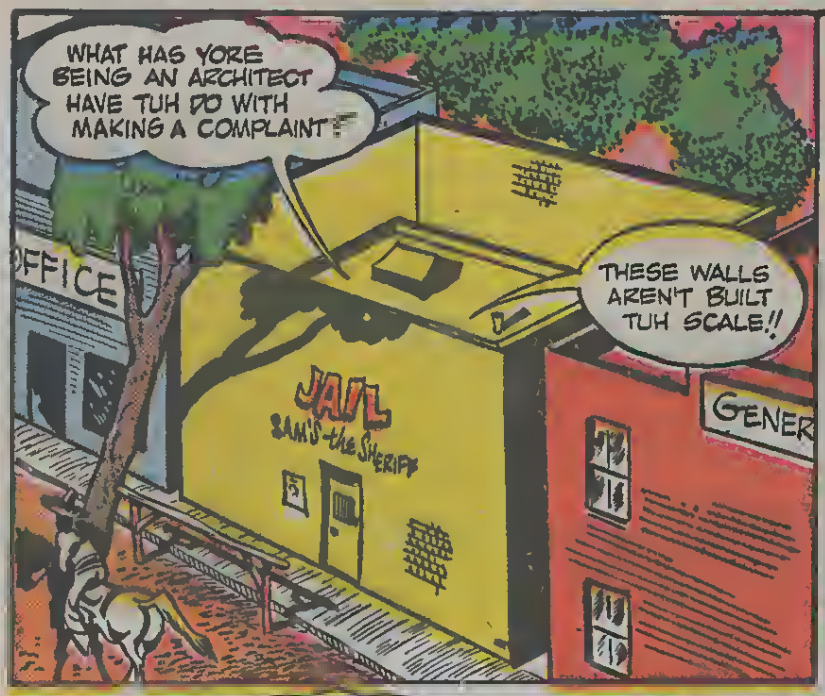
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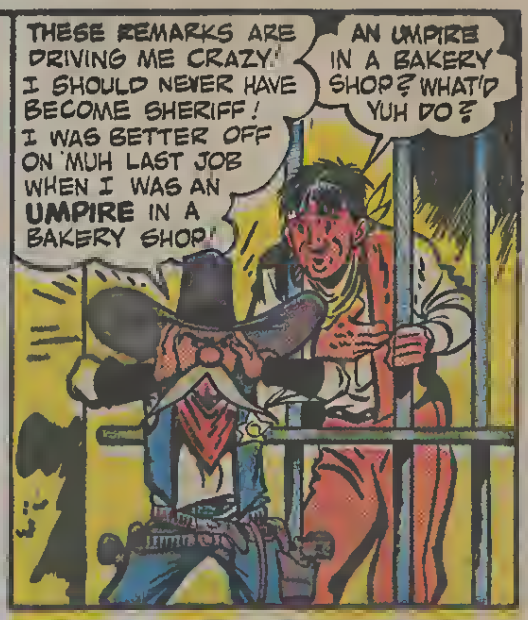
SAM the SHERIFF in THE ESCAPE





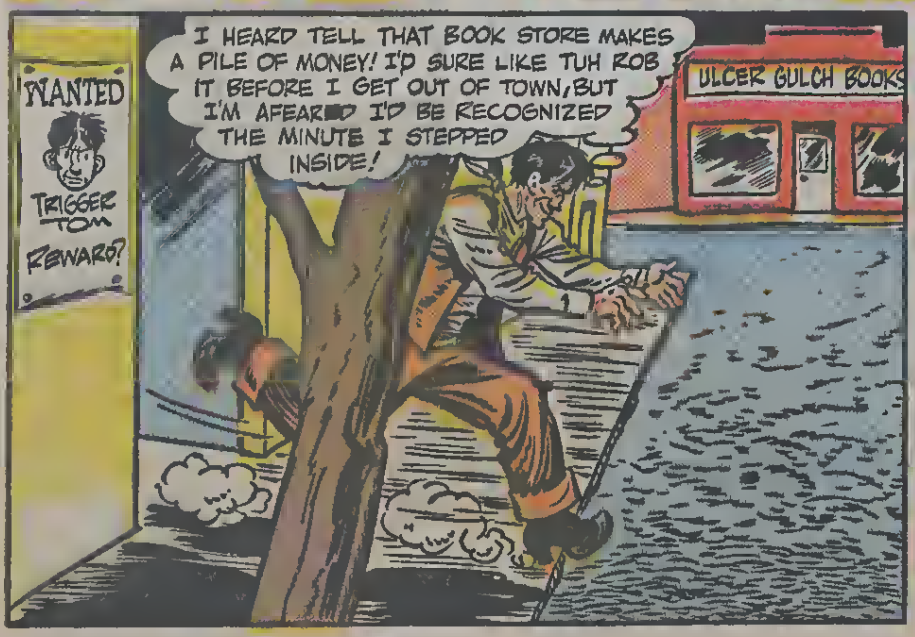



WHAT HAS YORE BEING AN ARCHITECT HAVE TUH DO WITH MAKING A COMPLAINT?
OFFICE
THESE WALLS AREN'T BUILT TUH SCALE!!
JAIL
SAM'S-the SHERIFF
GENER


THESE REMARKS ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BECOME SHERIFF! I WAS BETTER OFF ON MUH LAST JOB WHEN I WAS AN UMPIRE IN A BAKERY SHOP!
AN UMPIRE IN A BAKERY SHOP? WHAT'D YUH DO?


I USED TUH YELL, "BATTER UP!"
IN THAT CASE YUH SHOULD BE USED TO SOMEONE---
---STRIKING YUH OUT!
UGH!
CONK!


NOW TUH OPEN THE CELL AND GET OUT OF HYAR!


WANTED
TRIGGER TOM
REWARD?
I HEARD TELL THAT BOOK STORE MAKES A PILE OF MONEY! I'D SURE LIKE TUH ROB IT BEFORE I GET OUT OF TOWN, BUT I'M AFEARED I'D BE RECOGNIZED THE MINUTE I STEPPED INSIDE!
ULCER GULCH BOOKS


WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST GOT AN IDEA! I'LL BE ROBBING THAT THERE BOOKSTORE IN A SHORT WHILE!


MEANWHILE, SAM THE SHERIFF COMES TO---
I'VE GOT TO GET TRIGGER TOM BACK IN HIS CELL BEFORE ANYONE FINDS OUT HE'S GONE OR EVERYONE'LL BE YELLING FER A NEW SHERIFF IN THIS TOWN! I WONDER WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE? MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING IN THE BOOKSTORE!
GULCH BOO
DO YOU HAVE ANY BOOKS ON THE HABITS OF OUTLAWS?
NO! BUT I CAN TELL YOU THEY'RE ALL BAD!
DON'T YUH HAVE ANY BOOKS AT ALL ON OUTLAWS?
NO! BUT I CAN TELL YOU VOLUMES ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO ROB MY SAFE!
WELL, YUH CAN RELAX NOW! NO ONE'S DUMB ENOUGH TUH TRY TUH ROB YUH WHILE SAM THE SHERIFF IS AROUND!
IN THAT CASE I'LL FEEL SAFE ENOUGH TO GO OUT AND EAT WHILE I LEAVE YOU HERE TO WATCH THE SAFE!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER---
I HOPE NO ONE RECOGNIZED ME AS TRIGGER TOM IN THIS DISGUISE!
I'M SAFE! ONLY SAM THE SHERIFF IS HYAR, AND HE WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIMSELF IN A MIRROR!
CAN I HELP YOU, MAM?
NO! I'M JUST BROWSING!
WELL, GET AWAY FROM THAT SAFE! THERE'S NO BOOKS INSIDE!


BUT I THOUGHT FER SURE THAT'S WHERE I'D FIND A BOOK ON SAFETY FIRST!
THIS VARMINT'S TRYING TUH ROB THE STORE! I'VE GOT TUH STOP HER!
HOLD ON! I JUST REMEMBERED, I CAN'T HIT A LADY! BUT---
--- THERE'S NOTHING TUH STOP ME FROM HOLDING HER GURLS IF SHE TRIES TUH RUN I WON'T BE HURTING HER, SHE'LL BE HURTING HERSELF!
WHAT TH---! IT'S A MAN! IT'S TRIGGER TOM!
I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY AGAIN!
CONK!
NOW TUH PUT THE MONEY BACK IN THE SAFE AND THEN TUH SAFELY PUT TRIGGER TOM BACK IN HIS CELL FER SAFE KEEPING!
LATER---
YUH WIN, SAM, BUT TELL ME WHAT KIND OF BOOK DID YUH KNOCK ME OUT WITH?
A BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, AND IF YOU HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE YOU'D KNOW YUH CAN NEVER BREAK THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT!!



RUSE OF THE RABBIT

A GRAY HAWK Story

By Dick Kraus

DEEP in the forest that lay beyond the village of the Otapi, young Gray Hawk had a secret hide-out. He had once discovered a crevice in the ground by the side of a giant boulder while hunting in the shadowy pine corridors. Over a period of months, he had broadened this crevice, digging away at the soil, until it had become a spacious burrow.

Packing the sides of the burrow with clay, he had strengthened them. Then he lined them with wood and made a comfortable pallet of tanned pelts. In this burrow, Gray Hawk kept his weapons and a supply of food. Often, when he had been deep in the forest, and it was too late for him to reach the Otapi village before nightfall, he would stay in the burrow overnight. He had so constructed the entrance that it could easily be hidden from the outside by a screen of leaves and interwoven twigs.

The Indian youth's father, mighty Gray Eagle, knew of this secret hide-out. For a time, the chief of the Otapi said nothing to his son about it. Then, one day, he called Gray Hawk to him.

"My son," Gray Eagle said, "you have a burrow in the forest—a secret place beneath the ground."

Slender, bronzed Gray Hawk inclined his head. "That is true, my father," he said. "Often I stay there when it is too late for me to reach the tepee of my fathers at night. I have weapons there and a supply of food. It is hidden by a great boulder and by a mound of soil."

For a moment the chief was silent. Then he spoke. "That is what I do not like," he said. "We are not animals. Our ancestors lived in holes in the ground. But today only rabbits do that! You are not a rabbit, Gray Hawk. I want you to take your belongings out of this burrow and to bring them back to the village of the Otapi. You will not stay there again!"

For an Indian boy, the father's word was law.

Gray Hawk did not question the chief's decision. He nodded and said, "It is well, my father. I will do it now!"

SADLY, the Otapi youth trotted through the pine forest on his way to the secret burrow. He did not see anything especially wrong with having a hide-out like this, beneath the ground, but if his father wanted him to give it up, it would have to be. Over the ridge of the mountain he paced and then down through the solemn, green-shadowed rows of tall pines. Finally, he reached the great boulder.

Stooping, he crawled into the burrow. It was cool in there, and the air was musty, but in a way, it was a sort of home to him. And nothing in the hide-out had been disturbed because no one knew where it was. No one had ever discovered the secret entrance. Reaching out, Gray Hawk pulled the screen of leaves and twigs over the narrow opening, concealing it. This was his custom at all times. Now he turned to the task at hand.

Suddenly he paused, frozen in an attitude of listening. Was there a noise from outside—a rustle of movement—the sound of voices? Stealthily, he crept to the opening. His fingers parted the leaves that hung there, making a tiny window that he could see through. Crouching against this window, he peered out. He was chilled by what he saw.

For standing there in the dusk of twilight were several giant braves. Bright paint was smeared on their faces and bodies! With a sinking heart, Gray Hawk recognized the meaning of the paint. These were warriors of the Hatchet—a tribe that hunted and fished far to the North. They were bitter enemies of the people of the Otapi, and the paint they wore now meant that they were on the war path!

Scarcely daring to breath, Gray Hawk watched the men of the Hatchet and listened to what they were saying.

As two of the men prepared a fire beneath an overhanging pine branch, the others gathered in council. The older one—a brawny battle-scarred man—was evidently the leader of the war party.

"We will camp here through the night," this man said in guttural tones that Gray Hawk could barely understand.

"Before the first light of the dawn," he went on, "we will wake and travel through the forest. As the sun rises, we will attack the village of the Otapi. They think we are many suns away and they will not be on guard. We

will slay all the men and we will take the women and children as our slaves and return to our land."

Grunting in approval, the warriors turned away to eat by the fire. Finishing their simple repast as night closed over the forest, they rolled themselves up in their furs and lay there in silence. Gray Hawk watched them intently from the secret entrance of the burrow. Before the moon had risen, he could see that none of them were stirring. All were asleep, lying in a ring around the hide-out.

Watching, Gray Hawk's mind raced frantically. He would have to warn the Otapi village of the danger that threatened them. But how? He knew from the tales of the elders that the warriors of the Hatchet were dangerous ruthless fighters, that they slept as lightly as the cougar in the forest. There was little chance that he would be able to creep out through them unheard and escape through the pines. No! They would hear him and, rising, would slay him. The village would not be warned and the massacre would take place.

He would have to do something else, the Indian youth decided. His eyes narrowed as he surveyed the sleeping forms of the braves of the Hatchet. He had heard more than once that these killers from the North were very superstitious—that they feared the gods of the forest, and the souls of the animals they slew! If this was true—and they could easily be swayed by terror of the unknown . . . there was a chance!

Peering through the night, Gray Hawk saw that above the still-glowing fire, hung a single branch of the pine tree. It was a big, wide-spreading branch, but it hung by a single tenacious inch of wood. Evidently the rest of it had been eaten away by a canker. If that single inch were severed, the entire branch might plunge into the fire.

Gray Hawk swiftly made up his mind. Reaching behind him carefully, he drew his best hickory bow forward. He lifted a single feathered shaft from his beaded quiver and placed the arrow beside the bow. Then, leaning forward, he cupped his hands over his mouth.

"WAKE UP! Wake up, men of the Hatchet!" An eerie, echoing voice resounded through the forest clearing. Again it was heard! "Wake up! Wake up!"

With a single movement, the enemy braves flung themselves from their furs and rose to their feet, sinewy hands gripping tomahawks. Eyes glinting in the light of the fire, bodies casting strange shadows in the night, they whirled about, trying to pierce the veil of gloom.

"That voice!" exclaimed their leader. "Where does it come from? Who speaks?"

Again Gray Hawk cupped his hands before his mouth, and spoke into the burrow opening. As before, his voice came out deep and resonant, yet strangely disembodied, like the cry of the forest owl! "This is Wa-Na-Ta—great god of the Otapi!" he said. "Wa-Na-Ta is not pleased with you . . . coming to harm my people! Wa-Na-Ta will punish you—with death—unless you flee to the land of the North! He will punish you . . . now!"

The warriors in the clearing outside the burrow froze at these ominous, ghostly words. One of them began to mutter, "It is their god . . . a mighty portent! Let us save our lives! Let us run!" But their leader, less superstitious, caught his arm. "No!" he commanded. "Maybe it it is a trick! How do we know?"

It was the turning point! Gray Hawk knew that he would have to convince them at this moment . . . or not all. Quickly, he took the bow that lay beside him, and fitted the notched shaft to its string. He drew the arrow back, and pointed it at the weakened pine branch that hung above the fire.

"A trick?" he called. "Let me show you whether Wa-Na-Ta deals in tricks!"

He released the bowstring. The arrow hummed through the air, striking true—slashing at the pine limb! At once, the broad branch plummeted to the ground and fell into the fire! A great cloud of sparks sprayed out, striking like hornets at the warriors of the Hatchet. At the same moment, billowing clouds of smoke eddied forth from the half-smothered flames!

Again Gray Hawk's voice rang out! "Now! Now! Flee or you die!"

The warriors of the Hatchet needed no second warning. Almost paralyzed by the fearsome voice that came from nowhere, this unexplainable explosion sent them shrieking wildly. Dropping their weapons, they raced into the forest. For a few moments they could be heard running at top speed. Then . . . nothing!

Gray Hawk smiled grimly to himself. "They will not be back," he said. "They have been convinced that the People of the Otapi are protected by a spirit mightier than theirs!"

Then he began to laugh, slapping his bare knee. "When I tell my father what has happened and show him the weapons the enemy braves have left behind, perhaps he will agree that a rabbit in a burrow is a worthy ally! And perhaps he will let me keep my hide-out!"

THE END

Follow the exciting adventures of GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.

MONTE HALE

IN

DIAMOND DEADFALL

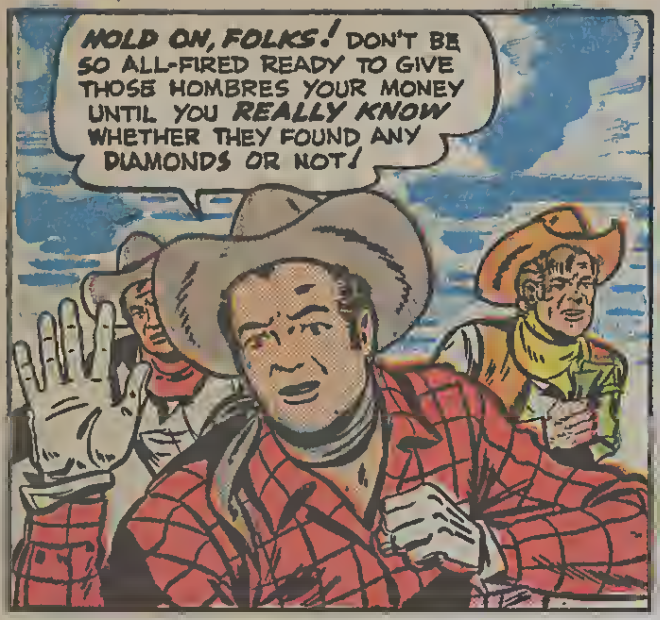
ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD, AND THE SAME CAN BE SAID OF DIAMONDS. BUT WHEN A SLICK-TALKING BUNCH OF TINHORNS TRIES TO SAY DIFFERENT, IT TAKES THAT DARING, GUN-SLINGING TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE — *MONTE HALE*, TO GET IN THE LAST WORD, BACKED BY HIS PILE-DRIVING FISTS AND THE SHEER LIGHTNING MAGIC OF HIS SPEED-BLURRED SIX-GUNS!

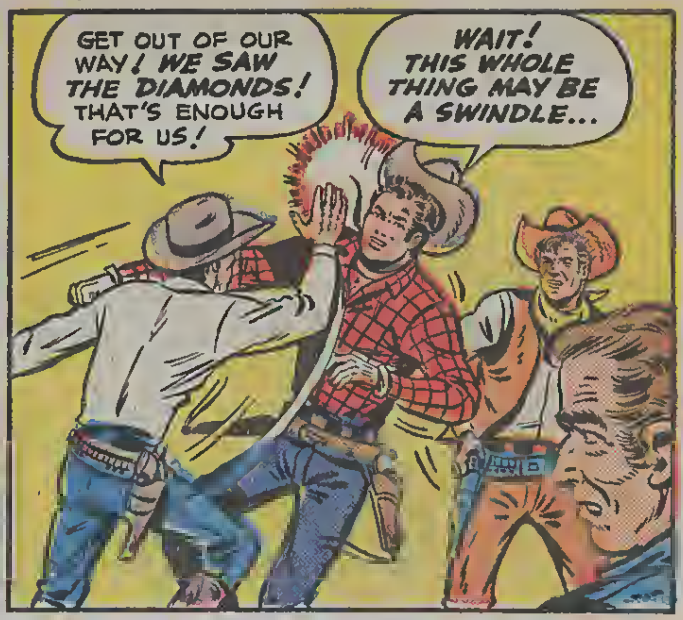



HAND OVER THOSE DIAMONDS, MISTER, OR I'LL TAKE THEM OFF YOUR DEAD BODY!
DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GIVE THEM TO YOU! HERE, THEY'RE IN THIS POKE!
BANDITS!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU FROM OPENING YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THIS, TO THE LAW!
LOOK! HERE COMES MONTE HALE! I'D KNOW THAT TALL JASPER ANYWHERE! GET TO YOUR BRONCS, FAST!
WHAM!
THIS'LL CAUSE A LANDSLIDE THAT WILL CRUSH THE COACH AND KEEP MONTE HALE BACK!
THIS RAIN'LL BLOT OUT OUR TRAIL, TOO!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
THE TERRIFIED TEAM TRIES TO PLUNGE AWAY ....BUT MONTE ACTS FAST AND...
OHHH!
EASY, PARD! WE'VE GOT THEM NOW!
CRASH!
THERE! THAT QUIETS THE TEAM! BUT THERE'S NO CHANCE OF TRAILING THOSE GUN-SLINGING SIDEWINDERS IN THIS CLOUDBURST! RECKON I'D BETTER SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR THOSE POOR DEVILS IN THE COACH!
THE DRIVER IS UN-CONSCIOUS AND THIS ONE'S BREATHING ONLY FAINTLY! HIS CARD SAYS HE'S A DIAMOND SALESMAN! THIS EXPLAINS WHY THE COACH WAS HELD UP AND HE WAS ROBBED!
AT LODE GAP, A HALF HOUR LATER!
I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE OUTLAWS, SHERIFF! WHOEVER THOSE VARMINTS WERE, THEY GOT CLEAN AWAY! WILL HE LIVE, DOC?
CAN'T SAY, MONTE! HE'S HAD A NASTY BLOW ON THE HEAD, AND IT'S TOO EARLY TO KNOW YET!


WHILE OUT ON THE TRAIL, NOT FAR AWAY---
WE GOT AWAY WITH THE DIAMONDS AND NOT EVEN MONTE HALE COULD STOP US! I RECKON THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!
LET'S HOLE UP IN THAT CAVE AHEAD AND DIVIDE UP THE LOOT!
MINUTES LATER, INSIDE THE CAVE!
HEY! THESE AREN'T REAL SPARKLERS! THEY LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF PEBBLES!
NO! THESE DIAMONDS ARE UNCUT! THEY'RE ROUGH DIAMONDS!
OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! WE CAN'T GET RID OF THEM THIS WAY! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'RE MADE OF THE SAME STUFF AS THESE ROCKS!
HMM-M! SO THEY DO, AT THAT!
WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA! BOYS, WE'VE JUST STRUCK A DIAMOND MINE!
ARE YOU LOCO? THESE ROCKS ARE JUST WORTHLESS QUARTZ CRYSTALS!
THEY LOOK LIKE ROUGH DIAMONDS, DON'T THEY? WE'LL STAKE A CLAIM HERE, RECORD IT AT THE CLAIM OFFICE AND SHOW THE REAL ROUGH DIAMONDS!
THEN, WITH THE SUCKERS BELIEVING WE'VE STRUCK A RICH DIAMOND LODE, WE CAN SELL THEM SHARES IN OUR PHONY CLAIM AND SKIP OUT ACROSS THE BORDER!
WITH THEIR MONEY! GREAT! LET'S GO, BOSS!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE CLAIM OFFICE IN LODE GAP---
WE'VE JUST STRUCK THE BIGGEST LODE OF DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD! LOOK! REAL DIAMONDS!
GULP! DIAMONDS!
THIS MEANS A DIAMOND BOOM! WE'LL ALL BE MILLIONAIRES!!
CLAIM OFFICE
REGISTER


THE NEWS RUNS THROUGH THE TOWN LIKE WILDFIRE, FANNED BY LIVELY IMAGINATIONS!
HAVE YOU HEARD NEWS? SOME STRANGERS HAVE STRUCK A MOTHER LODE OF DIAMONDS!
DIAMONDS? I'LL HAVE TO TELL MY PARDNER!
SOME JASPERS FOUND A WHOLE DOGGONED MOUNTAIN MADE OF SOLID DIAMOND!
DIAMONDS!
DIAMONDS!
DIAMONDS!
DIAMONDS!
WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? IT LOOKS LIKE A GENERAL STAMPEDE HEADING FOR THE CLAIM OFFICE! RECKON I'D BETTER FIND OUT!
GET BACK, FOLKS, AND GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS! WE'RE HEADING BACK TO OUR DIAMOND CLAIM ALONE!
WE'RE CAMPING ON YOUR TRAIL TILL WE FIND OUT JUST WHERE THOSE DIAMONDS ARE LOCATED! YOU CAN'T SHAKE US THAT WAY!
CLAIM OFFICE
MAKE TRACKS! NONE OF YOU HOMBRES IS GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE OUR CLAIM IS LOCATED!
LET'S MAKE THEM TELL US!
RIGHT! GRAB THEM!
STAND BACK! IF YOU FOLKS ARE SO PLUMB SET ON GETTING INTO THIS DIAMOND BONANZA, YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY YOUR WAY IN!
WE'RE WILLING TO SELL YOU FOLKS HALF OF OUR CLAIM! YOU CAN START BIDDING ON SHARES!
I'LL BID A THOUSAND DOLLARS A SHARE!
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND!
ME TOO!
SO WILL I!
HM-MM! THIS IS THE FIRST DIAMOND STRIKE I EVER HEARD OF IN THIS COUNTRY! THE WHOLE SET-UP LOOKS LIKE A SWINDLE TO ME!
CLAIM OFFICE
DON'T CROWD, FOLKS!


HOLD ON, FOLKS! DON'T BE SO ALL-FIRED READY TO GIVE THOSE HOMBRES YOUR MONEY UNTIL YOU REALLY KNOW WHETHER THEY FOUND ANY DIAMONDS OR NOT!

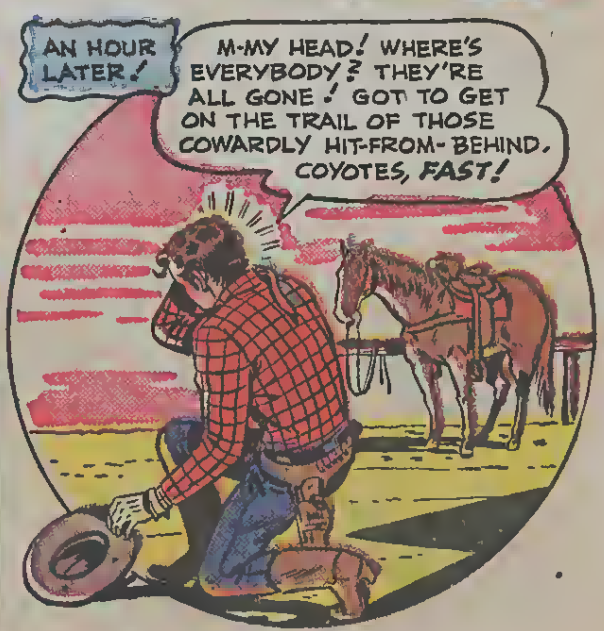

GET OUT OF OUR WAY! WE SAW THE DIAMONDS! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR US!
WAIT! THIS WHOLE THING MAY BE A SWINDLE...


GOOD WORK, BOSS! HE MIGHT HAVE QUEERED OUR DEAL!
CALL ME A SWINDLER, WILL YOU?
CRACK
UGH!

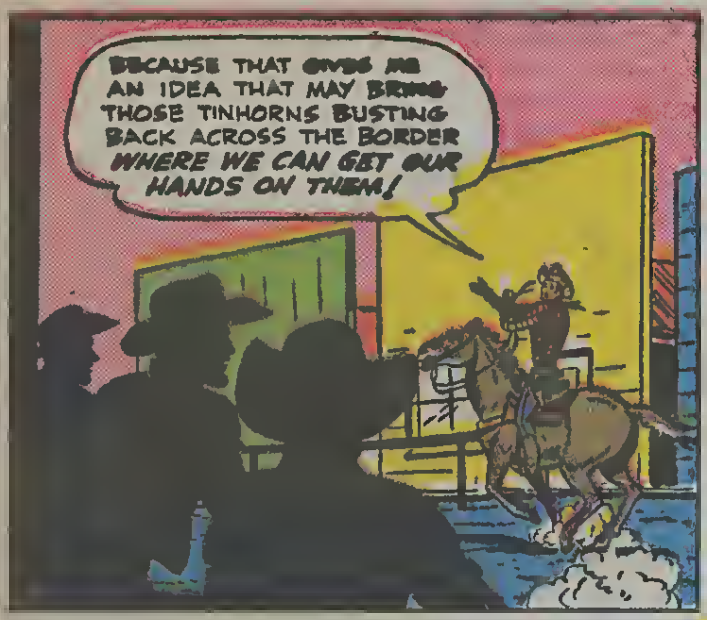

SERVES HIM RIGHT FOR TRYING TO KEEP US FOLKS FROM GETTING RICH! WE BOUGHT HALF YOUR CLAIM, NOW WHERE IS IT?
HERE, GENTS! A MAP SHOWING YOU THE LOCATION OF OUR CLAIM!

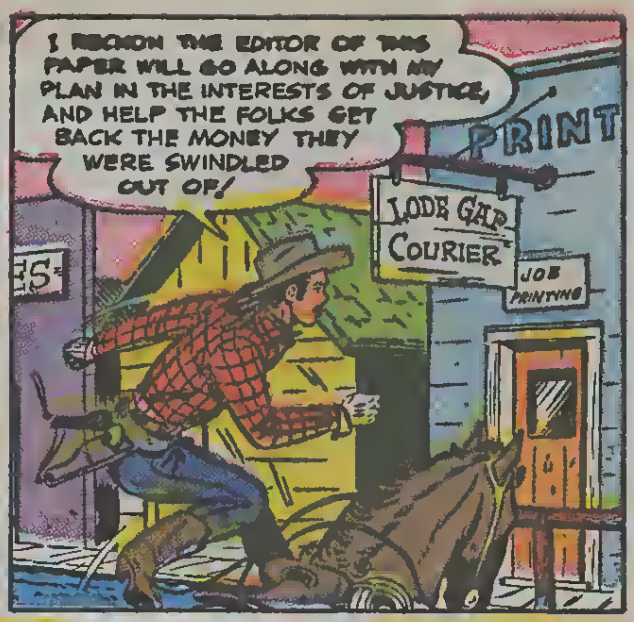

YIPPEE! OUT OF MY WAY!
YEEWHOO! DIAMONDS, HERE WE COME!
AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT, WE'LL HIT OUT FOR THE BORDER AND BE SAFELY ACROSS IT BEFORE THEY KNOW THEY'VE BEEN GYPPED!

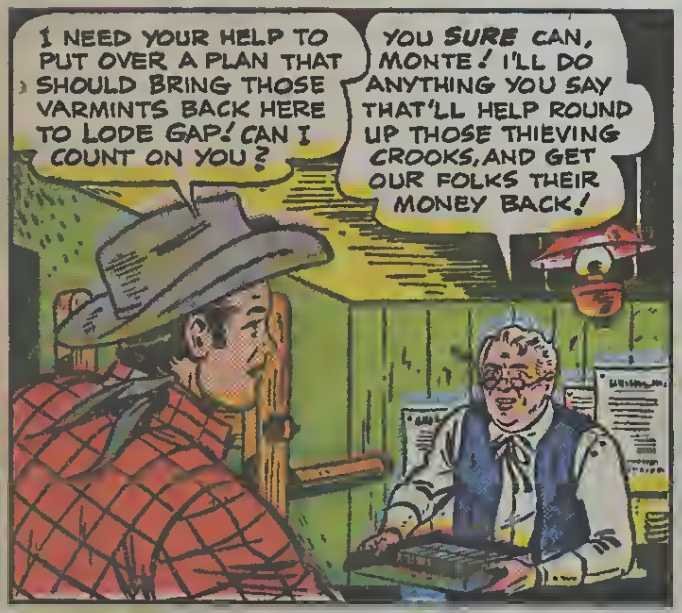

WHAT ABOUT THIS MAVERICK? WANT ME TO DRILL HIM, BOSS?
DON'T BE A FOOL! A SHOT MIGHT BRING SOME OF THEM BACK! WE'VE GOT THEIR WAMPUM! LET'S VAMOOSE PRONTO!
SALOON


AN HOUR LATER!
M-MY HEAD! WHERE'S EVERYBODY? THEY'RE ALL GONE! GOT TO GET ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE COWARDLY HIT-FROM-BEHIND COYOTES, FAST!

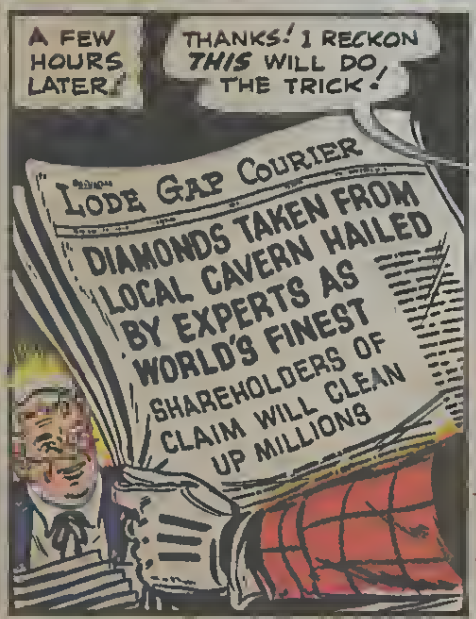

LET'S GO, PARD!
I SURE HOPE ALL THOSE FOLKS HAVEN'T BEEN SWINDLED! IF THEY WERE, THIS WHOLE TOWN'LL GO BROKE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE TRAIL OF THE CROWD IS HEADING NORTH, WHILE THE TRAIL OF THOSE RANNIES HEADS SOUTH --- TOWARD THE BORDER! FASTER, PARD! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE PEUBLO OF LA JUNTA JUST ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER! IF THEY MAKE IT, THEY'LL BE SAFE FROM THE LAW!
SOON!
TOO LATE! THEY MADE IT! COME ON, PARD! WE'D BETTER RIDE BACK TO LODE GAP! IF THOSE FOLKS WERE SWINDLED, I RECKON THEY KNOW IT BY THIS TIME!
MEXICO
U.S.A.
LATER, BACK IN LODE GAP...
WHERE IN TARNATION ARE THEM SIDEWINDING OUTLAWS?
LOOK! HERE COMES THAT TALL STRANGER THAT WARNED US AGAINST THEM! MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE THEY SKEDADDLED!
THEY WENT PLUMB ACROSS THE BORDER TO LA JUNTA! DID YOU FIND ANY DIAMONDS ON THE CLAIM?
NARY A ONE! THE CLAIM WAS A CAVE FULL OF QUARTZ CRYSTAL THAT LOOKED LIKE ROUGH DIAMONDS!
DID YOU BUY THE ENTIRE CLAIM OR HALF OF IT?
HALF OF IT! WHY?


BECAUSE THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA THAT MAY BRING THOSE TINHORNS BUSTING BACK ACROSS THE BORDER WHERE WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON THEM!

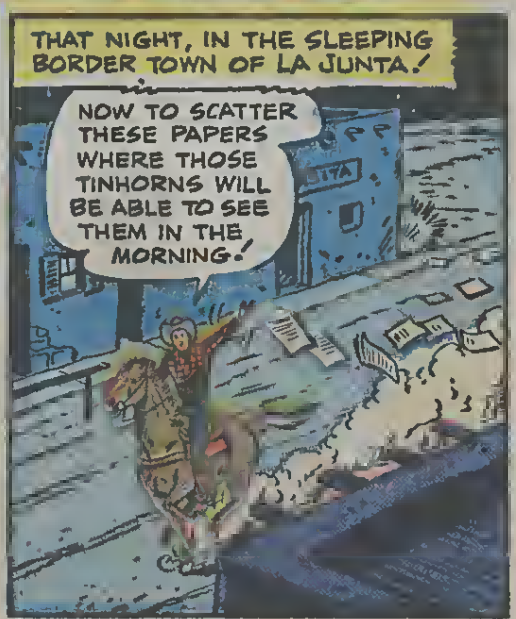

I RECKON THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER WILL GO ALONG WITH MY PLAN IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, AND HELP THE FOLKS GET BACK THE MONEY THEY WERE SWINDLED OUT OF!
PRINT
LODE GAP COURIER
JOB PRINTING


I NEED YOUR HELP TO PUT OVER A PLAN THAT SHOULD BRING THOSE VARMINTS BACK HERE TO LODE GAP! CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
YOU SURE CAN, MONTE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY THAT'LL HELP ROUND UP THOSE THIEVING CROOKS, AND GET OUR FOLKS THEIR MONEY BACK!


GREAT! RIP OUT THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEXT EDITION AND PRINT WHAT I TELL YOU TO IN BIG HEADLINES ACROSS THE TOP OF THE PAGE!
I'LL SET IT UP, MYSELF! LET HER RIP!


A FEW HOURS LATER.
THANKS! I RECKON THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!
LODE GAP COURIER
DIAMONDS TAKEN FROM LOCAL CAVERN HAILED BY EXPERTS AS WORLD'S FINEST
SHAREHOLDERS OF CLAIM WILL CLEAN UP MILLIONS


GET GOING, PARDNER! YOU AND I ARE HEADING FOR LA JUNTA TO DELIVER SOME HOT NEWS!


THAT NIGHT, IN THE SLEEPING BORDER TOWN OF LA JUNTA!
NOW TO SCATTER THESE PAPERS WHERE THOSE TINHORNS WILL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM IN THE MORNING!


THE NEXT MORNING---
JUMPING JEHOSHAPHAT! DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO, BOSS?
GULP! YEAH! I-I THINK I DO!
LODE GAP COURIER
DIAMONDS TAKEN F
LOCAL CAVERN H
BY EXPERTS A
WORLD'S FINE
WE'RE MILLIONAIRES, TOO! WE STILL OWN HALF OF THE CLAIM!
RIGHT! GET ABOARD YOUR BRONCS, BOYS! WE'RE SCORCHING THE TRAIL BACK TO LODE GAP FOR OUR SHARE OF ALL THOSE MILLIONS!
LODE GAP COURIER
DIAMONDS TAKEN FRO
LOCAL CAVERN HAILED
EXPERTS
LATER, BACK IN LODE GAP---
HOWDY, FOLKS! WE'RE HERE TO COLLECT WHAT'S DUE US!
AND I'M HERE TO GIVE IT TO YOU, YOU PACK OF COYOTES!
LOOK OUT, BOSS! THERE'S MONTE HALE! GO FOR YOUR GUNS! IT'S A TRAP!
DROP THOSE GUNS! YOUR GAME IS UP!
YOU GOT ME!
H-HE SHOT THE GUN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND! HE'S UNCANNY!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
AFTER MONTE RESTORES THE STOLEN MONEY TO THE BILKED TOWNFOLKS...
THAT'S MY POKE ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! THOSE ARE THE OUTLAWS WHO HELD UP THE STAGE COACH!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG AFTER LOOKING AT THAT CARD. THAT SAID YOU WERE A DIAMOND SALESMAN! LOCK THEM UP, SHERIFF!
GET IN THAT JAILHOUSE, YOU PASSEL OF VARMINTS! YOU WON'T BE DOING ANY MORE THIEVING FROM NOW ON--- THANKS TO MONTE HALE!
AND THEIR OWN GREED, SHERIFF! THAT'S WHAT REALLY TRAPPED THEM!
HERIFF'S
FFICE
SO LONG FOLKS! DON'T FORGET "ALL THAT GLITTERS ISN'T GOLD"-AND THE SAME GOES FOR DIAMONDS!
TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN! YOU PROVED THAT, MONTE HALE!

BOYS-GIRLS- GET YOUR CAPTAIN MARVEL SWEATER TODAY! JUST SEND COUPON BELOW AND PAY POSTMAN ON ARRIVAL

Better Hurry! The Supply Is Limited!



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The sweaters shown above, just like the one Billy Batson is wearing, were made especially for CAPTAIN MARVEL fans like yourself. They're 100% Pure Virgin Wool and come in three colors—with a picture of CAPTAIN MARVEL woven on both the front and back. You'll love one—and so will your friends. But most important, your mom and dad will like them too, because each one is guaranteed! They cost $3.95 each and, if you are not absolutely satisfied your money will be fully refunded. You just can't go wrong! Get together with mom or dad and mail this coupon today!

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CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB
Greenwich, Connecticut

Please send me the CAPTAIN MARVEL SWEATERS checked. I will pay the postman $3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.

COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZE
MAIZE, Red and Brown	
LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
WHITE, Red and Navy	

Available sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.

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Postage and C.O.D. fee will be paid if remittance is enclosed

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DEPT. GG-1854 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN

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Michigan Bulb Co., Dept. GG-1854 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

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